Cosmic Coffee Introduction:

Enter, dear reader, into the cosmic café, where coffee is not served in small cups, but in entire books. Here, every story is a sip, and every sip is the unveiling of a new illusion, and every illusion is the froth that masks the .bitterness of truth

Cosmic Coffee is not an ordinary collection of stories, but a satirical ritual served in the form of a long-lived cup. In this book, the pages are not read like books, but sipped like coffee: slowly, attentively, and with the awareness that behind the froth lies an inescapable .bitterness

Within these pages, you will find women who said "no," and became like coffee beans resisting the grind. You will find scientists and philosophers debating the meaning of froth: is it illusion or knowledge? You will find guests jostling in a celestial café, believing

themselves to be guests while they are in a .merciless mill

Each chapter here is a small mirror, and each mirror reflects a face of humanity hiding behind the froth. But when the foam melts, the darkness appears, the bitterness emerges, .the absurdity is revealed

Celestial Coffee is a journey within a single cup, where religion becomes coffee, rituals become foam, and humanity becomes a guest who pays for their hospitality only to be tormented. It is a book that laughs ironically, but leaves a bitter taste on the lips, a taste .that doesn't easily fade

So, sit, dear reader, in this café, and sip its stories one by one. But remember: the foam .may deceive you, but the coffee does not lie

Enter, dear reader, the Celestial Café, where prizes are not offered in small cups, but in

entire books. Here, every story is a sip, every sip is the unveiling of a new illusion, and every .illusion is the covering of the bitter truth

Celestial Coffee is not a collection of stories, but a satirical ritual offered to the body for a long period, a third of a lifetime. In this book, pages are not read like books, but rather sipped like coffee: a sip, with focus, and with the awareness that there is an inescapable .bitterness

To these pages are women who said "no," and became like coffee beans resisting the grinding. Scholars and philosophers come to discuss the cause of the sword: is it them or knowledge? They participate in the fighting in a celestial café, believing in the name of .hospitality while they are in a merciless mill

Every chapter here is a small mirror, and every mirror of faith is a face of humanity, despairing because of soap. But when the

soap melts, blackness appears, absurdity .appears

Celestial coffee is a half-hour journey, where religion becomes coffee, rituals become foam, and humanity becomes a guest, the price of hospitality, to be tortured. It is a book that laughs ironically, but it leaves a bitterness in its folds, a contribution that does not easily .disappear

So, sit, reader, in this café, and discover its stories one by one. But remember: it may .deceive you, but coffee doesn't lie

When the reader turns the pages of Celestial Coffee, they feel as though they haven't read separate stories, but rather sat in a timeless café, sipping from a cup that stretches from beginning to end. Each story was a sip, and each sip unveiled a new illusion, and each illusion was the froth covering the bitterness of .the black coffee

We sat with the women who said "no," and saw how they pierced the froth to reveal the .truth

We accompanied the scientists and philosophers as they debated the very meaning of coffee: is it a brain of pleasure or a ?drink of knowledge

We watched the guests jostle in the Celestial Café, thinking they were guests when in .reality they were in a merciless grinder

And in the end, we realized that all these stories are but a reflection of one thing: that humanity prefers froth to coffee, illusion to .reality, pleasure to reason

Celestial Coffee is not a drink, but a mirror. It is a cup that the reader places before them, and in it, they see themselves, their society, their illusions. The foam covering the surface is nothing but a fragile veneer, dissolving with the first sip to reveal what lies within: black, .bitter, hot, yet real

And so, when the reader closes the book, he has finished his last cup. He lets the foam dissipate, the bitterness lingers on his lips, and leaves the café wondering: Was he truly a guest, or merely a customer in a café selling ?illusions

The celestial coffee ends here, but it doesn't end in the reader's mind. It's not a book to be read and then forgotten, but a cup to be sipped, its trace remaining in the brain, like a lingering sip, a mocking echo, an invitation to .reflect

Holy seed

In the beginning, there was no sky or earth, no mountains or rivers, only an eternal void swaying in cosmic silence. Then, suddenly, a sacred coffee bean fell from above, roasted in a cosmic fire of unknown origin. When it touched the void, the universe exploded, galaxies formed, stars ignited, mountains rose, and rivers flowed. No one asked: Where did it come from? Why did it fall? For faith in the bean was more important than the truth.

This great, resounding tremor in the vast expanse of caffeine occurred at midnight when the sky parted above Caffeine City. The believers raised their eyes, their cups trembling in their hands, and behold, a blazing star descended. But it was not a star; it was this giant, blessed bean, ablaze with fire, descending from the heavens like a divine messenger.

"A miracle! The holy bean has come!" cried the people. Priests rushed to the site, chanting espresso hymns, while prophets inscribed their visions in cappuccino foam. The bean descended into the desert, scorching the sand, and from its husk rose a powerful

fragrance that brought even the skeptics to their knees.

The greatest barista declared:

This is the grain of destiny. From it will come the drink that awakens eternity." He roasted it in the steam temple, ground it into a powder finer than dust, and then prepared a cup that shone like liquid gold.

The believers drank, and their eyes widened. They saw galaxies swirling in the foam, heard voices whispering from the steam, and felt their hearts throb with divine caffeine. They cried out, "This is salvation! This is proof that the universe itself makes coffee!"

But one skeptic stood apart. He tasted the holy brew and frowned. "It's powerful, yes," he said. "Divine, perhaps. But in the end, it's just coffee. And miracles are nothing more than grains wrapped in fire."

The crowd silenced him, for doubt is bitter. But his words remained, like the taste of truth after a sip. The believers sat around it, worshipping it as the origin of life, drinking its coffee as if it were holy water. As for the disbelievers, they dared to ask, "Is it conceivable that the entire

universe was created from a single seed?" God answered them with a smile, "Yes, it is the seed that is not questioned, for it is the secret of creation, and whoever doubts it is denied Paradise."

Over time, the pill became a legend, and everything was attributed to it:

If it rained, they said, "The grain cried."

If the land became dry, they said, "The grain became angry."

And if one of them died, they would say: "The grain swallowed him up to roast him again in its cosmic fire."

And so, the whole universe came to be based on a coffee bean, whose origin is unknown, but which everyone reveres. The truth is not important; what matters is that the bean exists, and that it gives believers an endless coffee-like euphoria and an inexhaustible peace of mind.

And so, the legend spread:

That a grain fell from space, and from its roasting a universe was born, and then a religion was born, followed by religions born

from the womb of a pure, holy, majestic, and honorable heavenly café, a universe that was not made in the sky or space, but in the imagination of thirsty people searching for meaning.

O mankind, do not search for the origin of the universe, for the seed is the origin, it is the miracle, and it is the path to paradise. As for you, infidels, remain thirsty, without a seed, without coffee, without salvation.

Ministry of National Laughter

From inside the Heavenly Cafe:

In a historic announcement, the government proudly inaugurated the Ministry of National Laughter in honor of the Heavenly Coffee. All those present applauded, and cups of Heavenly Coffee clinked together with a crashing sound, like waves crashing across the sea, their voices shouting, "To your health! To your health!" The Ministry declared that happiness and smiling were no longer personal matters but a national duty imposed on every citizen of this land. All Heavenly Coffeehouses were to announce this news and enforce it upon every citizen, requiring them to adhere to the National Laughter Pledge. This was to be done while muttering and reciting the incantations and rituals of drinking Heavenly Coffee, with its comedic flavor. This mandated that every citizen follow the Ministry of National Laughter, which established the Heavenly Coffeehouse and its followers. Following the Heavenly Orders issued by the Heavenly Coffeehouse, the Ministry of National Laughter decided to impose National Laughter on all citizens five times a day. This decision came after much back and forth, bidding, and negotiation between the Ministry of National Laughter and

its Heavenly Coffeehouse, as it was supposed to be a national duty. Initially, the requirement was set at fifty times a day, but out of compassion for the people and the country, and after negotiating with the Heavenly Café affiliated with the Ministry of Laughter, it was decided to reduce the national obligation of laughter from fifty times a day to only five times daily. The Ministry feared that the people and the country would become overwhelmed by excessive laughter, and that the Heavenly Café might go bankrupt due to insufficient supply of Heavenly Coffee to satisfy this enormous number of laughs. Furthermore, the café was facing economic pressure due to the overproduction of Heavenly Coffee. Therefore, it was decided to reduce the number to five times a day, taking into consideration the circumstances of the people and the country. It was also decided that a number of inspectors would patrol the streets and alleys, equipped with sound measuring devices to assess the volume and authenticity of laughter. Anyone who failed to perform this duty would be subject to Heavenly fines and punishments. Among these punishments was the requirement for

anyone who disobeyed these orders or failed to carry out this sacred task to attend courses in comedy and laughter techniques. Repeated failures would result in immediate banishment to the infamous Room of Silence, where the offender would be burned for a period of time until he recovered and learned his sense of humor. The Minister was... Laughter itself, despite being the Minister of Laughter, had never laughed publicly in his life. Yet, he insisted this policy was a great achievement, proudly and enthusiastically declaring, "We're finally done with the problem of sadness!" Newspapers seized upon the event, calling it the greatest achievement of the century. He claimed the government had legalized happiness, enacting it as a law and a religious obligation. However, sensitivities were secretly reported, with an increase in jaw injuries and nervous breakdowns due to uncontrollable laughter that wouldn't even cease at funerals. The ministry even decided to introduce laughter tests in schools at all levels, making them mandatory for all students. The quality and frequency of laughter, rather than knowledge or academic achievement, would be the criteria for

evaluating students, both male and female. No student would receive a high or final grade unless their laughter was loud, resonant, and preferably accompanied by tears of joy to confirm its strength and impact. Students who failed the laughter test were to attend remedial classes and private lessons given by clowns in lectures and sessions about... The philosophy of humor and strengthening laughter, to the point that universities decided to develop curricula in applied laughter, while philosophers debated and analyzed whether the imposed laughter was true happiness or a new form of tyranny disguised as laughter and happiness. The paradox was shocking: the citizens who used to laugh freely began to laugh automatically, for fear of punishment if their laughter appeared without genuine enthusiasm, and families began to gather not to manage their lives and livelihoods or to tell stories, but to practice a daily routine of strong, genuine laughter with enthusiasm, for fear of the punishments of the laughter inspectors.

Even weddings and funerals were now organized in agreement with the official

laughter officers to ensure the daily quota of five laughs imposed on the people was met. Daily happiness indicators rose to unprecedented levels, but they noticed that the streets, alleys, and roads began to echo with hollow laughter, more like cries for help. The opinions of diplomats who visited the country varied. Some praised the idea, considering it a novel innovation and marveling at its imposition five times a day. Others believed the country had turned into a circus, promoting absurdity rather than wisdom and planning. Meanwhile, the Minister of Heavenly National Laughter immediately repeated, "We are the happiest, the ones who brought this upon the people." With a broad smile on his frozen face, he declared confidently and proudly: "In the end, the country has achieved its goal, and the ministry has fulfilled its role, making sadness a sin, an unforgivable transgression, a blatant and flagrant violation of the country's laws." But with this decision, he revealed the greatest and most dangerous paradox: that joy and laughter cannot be imposed by decree, and that laughter loses its essence when freedom is taken away. The ember of true happiness

has been replaced. With a hollow echo of a nation forced to laugh at its own misery.

Faith scale

In the city of sacred rituals, the Council of Eternal Wisdom convened to resolve

humanity's greatest dilemma: how to measure faith with scientific precision. After weeks and months of intense and serious debate, they proudly unveiled their new invention and their useful scientific ideas: the Faith Meter. This was a standard golden rod that measured the strength, length, and breadth of faith with absolute accuracy. Every citizen was required to carry it at all times to reveal their faith intentions and the strength or weakness of their faith, and also to detect whether they had committed the sin of lewd thinking, considered one of the major sins and abominations. It is among the most dangerous of vices and the most harmful and destructive to the health of precious faith, for, God forbid, it weakens, afflicts, and emaciates the pure and noble body of faith, to the point that the body of faith becomes ill and sheds its blood due to the germ of logical thinking—that great lion, the greatest generosity, and the abomination that warrants punishment and deserves eternal torment. The Supreme Divine Council, in conjunction with the Heavenly Café, dispatched inspectors to oversee the worshippers' compliance with the orders and to ensure that the rod was carried. The magic

wand of faith—they discovered it themselves and verified the soundness, integrity, and strength of the great, pure faith. National newspapers glorified this innovation, making it a symbol of sacred creativity and evidence of divine, exalted innovation. They considered it a divine variation on the capabilities of the universe, saying: "Finally, we can control and quantify what cannot be quantified." It was said to the people of the land that spirituality among them would become visible, measurable, and implementable, since faith must be measured by precise scientific standards. Non-scientific, realistic, studied faith and research are what is required, and this is the core of the heavenly matter of faith. God does not want ignorance, and faith is impossible without knowledge. It is true that its meaning is submission, and one of the basics of blind obedience is to be a sound, healthy faith, free from the diseases and viruses of logical thinking and mental analysis. However, in any case, it must be a precise scientific submission and a microscopic, research-based, logical obedience in order to earn the honor and description of it as certain scientific faith and logical obedience! Thus, he

appeared before them in the media—newspapers, magazines, and radio stations—and the world-renowned philosopher and physician, who is also a spiritual figure, as a pioneer of the scientific faith-based idea and head of the Center for Faith Research and Scientific Faith. He confidently assured them that the invention of this standardized faith is the greatest proof of faith being something scientific, certain, and logical, even in its submission and surrender. What is this scientific, certain submission and surrender? This is how he explained and clarified to them, for God has bestowed upon him more blessings of his faith-based knowledge and scientific faith. This believing physician also emphasized to them that whoever's faith level drops even by a millimeter, he is lagging behind, boasting of his scientific invention that mocks the empty, naive words of the disbelievers with which they tarnish the noble and honorable believers, who receive the crow’s day and night, claiming that faith has no connection to science or logic, and that it is the essence of blind submission and surrender without scientific evidence or research-based certainty. He asserted that

faith will not achieve its meaning unless blind submission and surrender are realized. But here is the believing scholar, who fears God only from those who... Here is the worship of the scholars, confidently and boldly refuting these vile, pretentious, and fanatical infidels with empty words. He responds to them by applying a measure of faith based on extreme scientific precision, to the point that noble and honorable believers feared being penalized, so they feigned faith and coveted the honorary title of faith, which is only granted to those who exceed the limit and the bounds of strong faith. So, they increased their faith and gave it vitamins to strengthen it in order to obtain an honorary title befitting this faith. They began competing to obtain the monthly title displayed at the entrance of the city of faith on the Faith Honor Board, inscribing the name and title of the highest-ranking believer for that month and the strongest in faith for that week. And the stronger their faith became and the greater their scientific and certain muscles grew, the more the decisive blow of faith struck anyone who dared to question it. But faith cannot be measured by precise scientific means, and science has no connection to it,

nor does God exist that contradicts it in form and substance. But what is the golden staff of faith that strikes their words with its scientific blows? And they were crushed by the infidels whose hearts were sealed with disbelief, but the accursed Satan made their blasphemous deeds seem appealing to them. The believing servants began to obey the commands of the staff of faith, even entering into a faith-based competition of knowledge and certainty, each striving to attain the highest degrees and ranks of faith-based honor according to the precise measures of that magical golden staff. They diligently performed their acts of worship and fulfilled their faith-based obligations—prayers, fasting, night vigils, glorification, and remembrance—until they and the repentant, devout worshippers, in their own private realm, were completely lost in their own world, like sleepers, or perhaps they were already in that state. All thanks to the magical, innovative, scientific, golden staff of faith, which they carried with pride and honor, hoping to hear of an increase in the precise measure of faith. But nature, in its folly, soon surprised them with its absurdities. That foolish nature, which disabled the staff of faith-

measuring measures with torrential rains, caused that precise, blessed staff to shrink in the humidity and swell in the heat. Chaos spread throughout the land, infiltrating the hearts of the servants and clinging to their strong, great faith, which is the foundation of all righteousness and piety. The inspectors accused the poor, believing people. Due to the lack of faith and its weakness, as their influence dwindled in the humid air and contracted at the point of contraction, the faithful slaves tried in vain to defend themselves before the inspectors. It was even decided to deepen and intensify the role of the faith staff in the mountains from a young age, so it was decided to impose it on students in schools at all levels and to conduct nightly faith-based examinations in which the student was not evaluated based on the extent of knowledge, academic achievement, and lessons, but rather on the length of the faith staff and the strength of its divinely approved glow. Although universities also presented studies and imposed them in their curricula on students how to measure faith with a precise, scientific, applied standard, no one was able to determine how the glow occurs or its

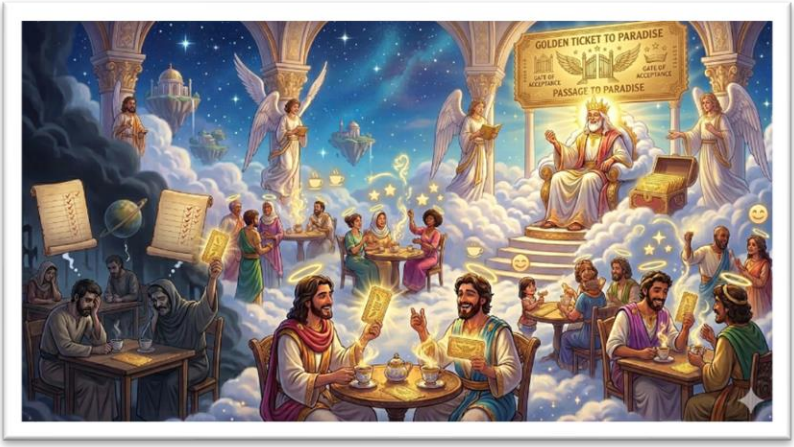
nature. Meanwhile, philosophers discussed the subject and tried to define the paradox that occurred, as the faithful citizens who used to pray freely now prayed with financial pretense, altering the measures of the faith staff and manipulating the infallible, noble, and honorable policies of faith. Families wished to determine the fate of the staff and its measures, and marriage, emotions, and compatibility between all Two or two people are not measured by intellectual and emotional compatibility and convergence, but by the degrees of convergence and compatibility of the measure of faith in the staff of each of them before deciding on compatibility. The light of the foreigners and the rulers of the country, some of them said that it was a unique spiritual innovation, and the other saw that the country was engulfed in chaos and had become a breeding ground for religious mockery and religious absurdity, not scientific accuracy or standard. Nevertheless, the heavenly council, which was held in regular sessions in the heavenly café, and before them, they were served coffee and heavenly cups of coffee with the finest types of coffee of high heavenly quality, and they

would repeat in every meeting with unparalleled pride and confidence: We are the most faithful nation on earth, with a precise and calculated faith with extreme scientific accuracy. They said it while raising the golden political staff of faith as a certain, visible, measurable, researchable, and experimental proof.

In the end, the scale of faith achieved its goal, but in doing so, it revealed the greatest paradox: that faith, like laughter, loses its soul when freedom is taken from it. The sacred became mechanical, the spiritual bureaucratic, and the immeasurable was reduced to an empty number.

The story has ended.

Golden Card



At the Heavenly Coffee Shop, the deity announced a special offer:

"Drink the coffee of concealment, and gain an extra credit of forgiveness."

Your sins are automatically forgiven, as long as you remain my loyal customers."

The believers rejoiced at this heavenly bargain, for they could now commit sins without fear.

Coffee covers them, and the balance is renewed every day.

As for the infidels, they sat in the corner, held accountable for every sip, because they possessed no heavenly loyalty card and had no

They have a broad cover-up of their despicable actions, just like the customers who are believers.

The grand session was held in the Heavenly Court Cafe.

The judge sat atop a platform of coffee cups, and the god was behind bars of coffee steam.

The believers applaud, and the disbeliever’s shout:

"Why are you giving them credit for covering up, while we pay the full price?"

The lawyer raised his voice in defense of God:

"Your Honor, my client is not biased, but generous."

He gives the faithful coffee as a form of protection because they are regular customers.

As for the infidels, they are merely passers-by, and are not entitled to special offers.

The audience laughed, because the defense seemed to be praise on the surface, but condemnation on the surface:

What is the value of a god who distributes forgiveness as a commodity, and establishes the scales of justice on the basis of loyalty rather than truth?

But the lawyer defending God continued his defense and presented enticing religious propaganda to attract customers from among the believing master slaves, and also to defend his client at the same time, thus killing two birds with one stone, saying:

Dear customers, on behalf of my Most High, the Almighty, the Owner of the Heavenly Café and the Master of the Heavenly Universes, I announce to our esteemed customers, the faithful, the issuance of the Heavenly Loyalty Card. This card grants believers the greatest degree of concealment for their actions, sins, and whims. The card, the "Concealment Balance," is open for an extended period. It is

a special package that is not recharged except after long periods of time, and the balance is not depleted until the end of the long-term concealment period granted to believers. This is a special offer and a sacred heavenly bargain presented for the first time in honor of the Owner of the Heavenly Café. Let the faithful seize this opportunity for the longest period of concealment, with the card pre-charged for an extended period. Let them commit whatever sins, desires, and whims they please during this cosmic period of heavenly concealment from the Owner of the Café. This is out of love for the faithful and a desire to give them the greatest degree and opportunity for freedom of action during the card's pre-charged period. Let them rest assured that the card is secure for an extended period of time, and the package is renewed before the end of the long-term period. They should seize this opportunity with complete confidence, knowing that there is a period of concealment. And forgiveness during this period, so let them do as they please, even if they commit acts that anger the owner of the heavenly café. It is enough for him to simply regret the sin and ask for

forgiveness. This is all he wants, and the offer of a balance of forgiveness and card top-up will continue. The owner is offering the faithful a very generous offer, and they should seize it because they are among the most important clients and customers of the Heavenly Café. They should know that the King of Kings, who is the owner of the Heavenly Café, is granting them a great opportunity for forgiveness and offering them free facilities for sin and transgression through a secure card loaded with a balance of forgiveness. It is long-lasting and fast-acting, so there is no blame on them, and he has no objection to them sinning from time to time. And if they happen to commit some major sins, this is not the end of the world, because he always proves to them the extent of his mercy, compassion, and magnanimity. Therefore, he announced the offering of this card, which is a certificate of forgiveness, to be for the faithful a safe haven and an entry ticket to his vast and forgiving world, the world of Heavenly Faith, so that they may know their great standing with him and realize the extent of his mercy. He is the Oft-Returning, the Most Merciful, the Forgiving. Therefore, he has not and will not

abandon the names and titles that they have bestowed upon him and by which they have always called him, considering them to be among his names and attributes. The moment he acquired the Heavenly Café, they became his customers and clients, his elite. To prove to them his magnanimity and mercy, and that he is content, he does not desire more from them than remorse before him, seeking forgiveness, supplication, turning to him always, and acknowledging his greatness and power. This ensures that the card of concealment remains active for as long as possible. For his part, he is fully prepared to conceal and overlook their sins. With a magnanimity and mercy greater than a mother's tenderness for her infant, he will overlook their slips and whims in exchange for their glorification and magnification of his omnipotence, remorse and supplication before him. Let them sin as they please, and welcome, welcome to sins and transgressions. A tear of remorse or a prostration of humility and bowing through which they supplicate to him with a warm tear is enough for him. This is all. And a promise from him that the card of concealment will

remain safe in the pocket of every believer, working without fatigue or boredom. And why not? He loves them and wants to conceal their whims, for they are among the most important clients and customers of the Heavenly Café. They have always sipped from his coffee, its sacred, blessed bean roasted in the celestial fire of the universe. So why shouldn't they have this magical card, the card of concealment? It is the golden taker that distinguishes the believer from the misguided infidel, deprived of this concealment. He is completely naked until the time of his punishment and reckoning arrives—this ungrateful, disbelieving, and treacherous wretch. Therefore, he has not and will not deserve any credit, and his card will never be recharged. May the infidel's card be disgraced and remain empty and crumbling, tossed about by waves of emptiness and nothingness. He does not deserve any concealment. Let him be exposed and his cover revealed, for he has no place among the esteemed believers, the honored clients and customers of the café. He is condemned and banished from the mercy, tolerance, and magnanimity of the owner of the celestial,

cosmic café. Let the infidel remain without credit, without concealment, without discounts, while the esteemed believing clients enjoy all forms of discounts, concealment, and secrecy. Let them rejoice in this opportunity, seize it, and indulge in whatever whims please them. All that is required of them is to return. Here, inside the Heavenly Café, they sip divine coffee, reveling in its taste and supplicating with awe and humility as they revel in the aroma of its sacred beans, roasted in the cosmic, heavenly, and holy roastery of faith. They humbly beseech its Owner, nothing more, nothing less. Amidst a thunderous storm of applause, the faithful, supplicating, humble, repentant, and ever-returning masters cheered. The thunderous applause continued amidst torrents of sublime, dignified tears of faith, overwhelmed by emotion, reverence, and awe. What a magnificent faith! What unparalleled heavenly mercy and boundless compassion! Thus, the effect of the "Balance of Concealment" card remained active within the Heavenly Café of Faith. Heavenly coffee was no longer the only commodity within the Heavenly Café; it now had another competitor:

that card, loaded with the balance of concealment, presented by the "Bundle of Faith" in the most generous offer, brimming with heavenly bounty, bestowed by the Merciful and Generous Owner of the Heavenly Café upon His esteemed clients, the masters of the Heavenly Café. The believers, and the esteemed patrons of the Heavenly Café, always carry a card of concealment for their slips, desires, and whims in their pockets, displaying it with every whim or sin. A very small portion of forgiveness is deducted, and new points of concealment are added to them. They rejoice and amuse themselves, happy and reassured with their sincere hearts, as long as they are filled with faith. They have no fear, nor do they grieve. As for the disbelievers, they remain silent, lost, and regretful because they have no balance of concealment that the believers enjoy. They have no balance, no discounts, and every sin is recorded against them in full without any deduction or reduction of sins like the esteemed believers. There are no seasonal offers because they are unwanted customers. They are nobodies in the Heavenly Café.

Loyalty card:

One day, a believer who frequented the Heavenly Cafe came with worry and sadness covering his features like autumn leaves that had fallen and covered the ground with a pale, yellow, and dry covering. He had committed some sin, so he took out his forgiveness card from his pocket and looked anxiously and confusedly at the barista, who smiled at him as soon as he saw the card and said: It's okay, don't worry, you have enough balance, your card is charged and we will overlook and ignore this sin, and even what is bigger and more than it. At that moment the believer sighed and exhaled a long sigh as if he had gotten rid of a heavy burden that weighed on his shoulders, and he felt deep relief as soon as the transaction was completed in the faith store.

The infidel has no credit:

One day, an infidel came to the cafe and sat at a table near some of the faithful gentlemen. He had committed the same sin as the believer, but he did not have any credit for

concealment because he did not have that card. The barista looked at him askance and said in a tone of displeasure and aversion: Sorry, I don't have any discounts. You will pay the full price and the full penalty without any discount or reduction.

The unbeliever protested, complaining and feeling oppressed and racist. With anger and a voice as rapid as thunder on a stormy night, he repeated: This is not justice, this is not justice, and that is not mercy. It is oppression and racism, yes, it is racism, bigotry, and discrimination. I committed the same sin, and it has come to my attention that you have been extremely lenient with this believer, offering him generous deals, discounts, forgiveness, and tolerance, even though he committed the same sin as me. Despite this, I see you forgiving him and covering for him inside this heavenly café, while you leave me without any credit. What kind of justice is this, the son of that mercy you claim to possess? The believers at the next table laughed and said: This is thanks to the credit of the heavenly card. The credit of the card is only granted to subscribers of the card and the

package, only to believers, not to the likes of you.

Announcement:

In response to the infidel's objection and to confirm that the faith offer was still valid and the balance was charged and working for as long as possible, the barista announced with the enthusiasm of a commander in battle: O faithful customers, subscribe to the Cover Balance Card, for it gives you additional forgiveness, and discounts on all types, sizes and forms of sins, in addition to seasonal offers on sins. Then he turned to the infidel with gloating, saying: As for you, O infidels, remain without balance, without card, and without a plasterer.

He spoke with a full mouth, in a voice like thunder coming from afar.:

Dear clients and customers, esteemed believers: The judge has announced the verdict:

"God is decreed to continue offering coffee of concealment to the believers,

By denying the unbelievers any discounts, even if their sins are less.

Divine justice is not a scale, but a marketplace.

Those who do not have a loyalty card must pay the full price."

The believers clapped, and drank their coffee of secrecy, laughing.

While the disbelievers remained thirsty, burning in the inferno of truth without any benefit, the believers looked upon them with looks dripping with gloating and contempt, saying to them:

As for us, the people of faith, piety, and righteousness, we have drunk the coffee of secrecy and quenched our thirst with disputes.

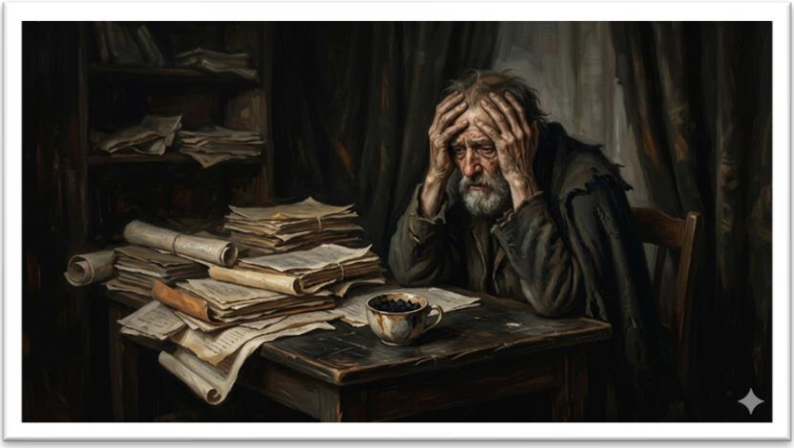
We entered Paradise with a loyalty card.

While you burn in the hell of full reckoning.

Thus, everyone learned that forgiveness is not justice but a profitable business offer, and the skilled and clever among the believers should seize the opportunity, as it is a credit added to

his account and deducted, in the heavenly loyalty card with the credit of heavenly concealment. It is the heavenly loyalty and innocence card, that card that makes sins just points, and Paradise is a faith store for whoever kneels more, humbles himself, cries and regrets more, prostrates longer, will get a credit of concealment more and a longer duration, and the offer is still ongoing until further notice.

scapegoat



burnt coffee mop

In the far, quiet corner, teeming with silent sorrow and far from the eyes of passersby, behind a dark-colored screen that could not

be seen, Shamoun sat in his usual place, his face clouded with melancholy and his features covered with a withered, stormy autumn. In front of him were piles of papers and complaints lying on his small, dark, pale desk, and in front of him on the desk lay an empty coffee cup filled with dark, charred grounds.

An agreement was reached between the two opposing sides:

Shamoun's job at the Heavenly Café was to play the villain all the time. This was stipulated in the contract he signed when he was hired. Although Shamoun was not a gentle soul by nature and never liked evil, in fact, out of his hatred for evil and his desire for discipline, he used to write down and record all the actions of the people, believers and non-believers alike. Even before his job at the Heavenly Café, he did this with his peers and relatives. He hated laxity and negligence and would record all wrongdoings and report them to the supervisor so that the necessary action could be taken. However, when he was forced to work as a coffee-sweeper at the Heavenly Café, he felt humiliated and degraded. He played a role he had to play all the time,

without being responsible for anything in the first place, but he was forced to accept this job and play this role assigned to him because he needed money and had no other work to live on. The owner of the Heavenly Café exploited his desperation and pushed him into poverty and almost made him regret it. He was so desperate that he could no longer afford his daily bread, forcing him to go and work for the owner of the Heavenly Café. This was precisely the goal the café owner had sought. When Shaun was forced to work for him, the owner dictated the terms of the contract: Shaun would play the role of the villain, whispering evil, sins, transgressions, and major sins to all the patrons of the Heavenly Café, especially, or more specifically, to the believers. They were the intended target, the group the Heavenly Café owner had entrusted to him, and he was to go to them at the owner's behest. He would receive his wages for this. At first, Shaun was very dissatisfied with this job and begged the Heavenly Café owner, the owner of the kingdom and the universes, to employ him in another job, as he had never liked this work. But the Heavenly Café owner insisted that he would only

employ Shaun as a burnt coffee bean mop, and that his name would be Shaun the villain, embodying evil, and that he would be given the title or epithet "the devil of the bed" to serve as a cover behind which the café owner could hide. The celestial owner of the universe, the hero and symbol of good, makes poor Shamoun the face of evil, calling him the accursed Iblis. The celestial café owner forgets, or pretends to forget, that he himself is Iblis, the very embodiment of evil. He is the one who incites and permits wretched Shamoun to commit his evil deeds; indeed, he forces Shamoun against his will, and poor Shamoun’s pleas are of no avail. The owner of the Heavenly Café looked at the humiliated Shaun and said in a commanding tone: "I only came here for this specific job. I orchestrated all these schemes to deprive you of every source of income, leaving you with no option but the Heavenly Café, so you came humbly to work for me. Have you forgotten that I am the best of schemers, and no scheme surpasses mine? Only the losers are safe from my cunning. So don't try to plead for anything more, and don't waste my time and yours in vain. If you don't accept, you have no

choice but to be left on the roadside to perish there until you melt and decay like a worn-out rag, trampled underfoot until you die of hunger. You have no other option with me but this job." The café owner threw the pen in poor Shaun’s face, ordering him to sign the contract terms, or else he would face nothing but starvation and death. The contract stipulated that the second party, Shaun, would bear the consequences and responsibility for every spilled cup of coffee, every customer who cheated on the bill, every burnt coffee bean, and every whim or sin. A blunder committed by the faithful slave masters, in exchange for the first party, the owner of the café, remaining the hero who envies good and fights for it, the forgiving, all-knowing, and merciful one. With trembling hands, pale features, a sorrowful heart, and tearful eyes, poor Shaun signed the contract with the divine café owner, who manages and directs all good things in the heavenly café, and nothing happens except by his command. From that day forward, he performed work he did not want, remaining burdened with all the consequences, all the sins, whims, blunders, and desires, and all the costs of spilled coffee

cups. He paid for the burnt coffee grounds that the faithful customers rubbed on his body, hands, and face daily, until he became blackened and charred, without being responsible for any of the actions of the café's patrons. But the café owner had to feel like a hero and that he had a wicked enemy to fight and make good triumph over him. Therefore, he found no one better than poor Shaun, exploiting his circumstances to make him a scapegoat for all evil. Burnt and spoiled.

One day, Shaun came with heavy steps, his feet dragging, until he stood before the owner of the café. Tones of sadness and despair poured forth from his features and from between his words as he said to the owner of the Heavenly Café, pleading, miserable, and hopeless: “My Lord, O Master of all things, yesterday one of the believers stole his neighbor’s money, and when the others blamed him after discovering his deed and threatening him, he claimed that I was responsible. He shamelessly and boastfully told the other customers of the Heavenly Café that Shaun whispered to me and tempted me to steal my neighbor’s money and deceived

me. What a master of whispering and embellishing evil!” Shaun raised his head to the owner of the café in despair and misery, saying: “Did I do this? Am I a master of whispering and evil? When and how? I neither saw nor preached. Understand when this happened?” I haven't even had time to eat for days because of the sheer number of accusations they shamelessly level against me, claiming that I was hired for this job I despise, and that you told them I was ready and prepared from the start. With a desperate plea, poor Shaun turned to the owner of the Heavenly Café, saying: "I am not like that! I don't want to be that wicked, undisciplined, immoral creature. I'm tired and fed up with them and their filth, which they rub on my body until I've become like a burnt coffee bean, they wipe on me day and night. I beg you, my master, my source of livelihood and the owner of the Heavenly Café, relieve me of this job, indeed, of this accusation!" Shaun showered the owner of the Heavenly Café with a torrent of entreaties, hoping he might soften or be satisfied, but he remained as steadfast as a towering mountain. His silence, his terrifying presence towering over him, his

features hardened, then, with coldness, indifference, and secrecy, the café's owner patted Sathon al-Micatin on the shoulder, saying: "Be patient, Sathon, for this is your job and this is your destiny. Have you forgotten that you signed the terms of the contract and partnership between us, as the second party and I the first? If you renege on our agreement and partnership, I will punish you with a severe punishment from which you will not escape for the rest of your life. You must know that this is your inevitable fate, and there is no escape from it. This is your destiny, so there is no retreat and no surrender. Otherwise, your fate will be hunger, death, homelessness, and torment. You must accept playing your role and never shirk it. Or do you want my prestige to be shaken among the faithful? Or do you want me to become, in their eyes, a mere faded image, an empty, boring entity with nothing to do, utterly useless? No, I love to be seen by them not only as the owner of the heavenly café, but as the most revered of those who love to see me." In the revolution of the heroic warrior who fights evil and triumphs over it, every hero must have an enemy to fight, and no one

is better than you, Shaun, to carry out this task and master this role with a well-crafted dramatic twist. You are performing a service of utmost importance to me, Shaun, so do not shirk your duty, for which I only want you, lest my heroic image be tarnished by this task. He ordered him to leave firmly and insistently, so the poor Shaun left, dragging the tails of disappointment, regret, sorrow, and despair, surrendering to the painful and bitter reality, after the owner of the Heavenly Cafe threatened him with hunger, destruction, painful torment, and severe punishment.

"A combination" of easy sin

One of the loyal customers, known as a "professional conman," entered. He drank his coffee, then committed a heinous immoral act behind the café. Seconds later, he entered the café's "confessional room" and began to cry: "Forgive me, café owner, a witch tempted me!"

The café owner laughed from behind the curtain, his laughter harsh and cruel, a booming cacophony accompanied by the clanging of the cashier's (donation box's)

voice. "Never mind," he said, "don't worry about such things. On the contrary, they excite me greatly, for they are what make you and other faithful slaves come running to me, fearful, submissive, humiliated, and weeping tears of shame, terror, and regret. This behavior feeds my vanity and nourishes the branches of my narcissism, allowing them to grow and flourish. The important thing is that you still believe my coffee is the best and that I am the king and supreme owner of this celestial and cosmic café. Go and repent, buy a bag of coffee beans from our brand, and I will wipe away your sin with a 'Shamoun' handkerchief!" He laughed loudly.

Shatt on, who had been watching the scene through the keyhole, shouted: "What hypocrisy! This man planned the crime a week ago, and I was sleeping in my office! Why have I become the 'wet wipes' they use to clean up their moral filth?"

The imaginary hero and the necessary enemy

Shatt on whispered to himself, as if thinking aloud, analyzing and concluding: "The owner

of the café needs me more than he needs the prophets and messengers he sends out as emissaries from his Yamazawa café to advertise and promote his wares of heavenly, faith-based coffee, to bring customers to his cosmic, heavenly café. Were it not for me, people would be forced to confront their consciences. Were it not for me, the café owner would be forced to hold people accountable seriously. I am the 'necessary enemy' who keeps the business of repentance thriving. Were it not for me, the faithful slaves would face their noses in the mirror of truth, finding themselves face to face with their filth and dead consciences, without patching or deception. And this is what the faithful hate most, those who love to be perpetually intoxicated by falsehood and lies."

One of the rebels who rejected the idea of the cosmic celestial café, its owner, and objected to his actions and ideas, believing he was claiming and saying things he didn't do, and rejecting him completely, responded to Shamoun, saying:

"Exactly, Shamoun. This café owner doesn't care about morals, he cares about 'loyalty'. He prefers a 'whore' who praises him and believes in his existence, to an honorable 'atheist' who has a vigilant conscience but refuses to pay for the 'coffee of illusion'. Sin, in his view, is 'butter and honey' because it makes slaves always kneel for forgiveness."

The trial of "the ram"

At the end of the day, Shatt on stood in the middle of the square and shouted, having reached his breaking point and filled with anger.

Their filth and dirt, which they smeared on his body and face until his stench became unbearable, was a burden of sins he did not commit and crimes he was as innocent of as the wolf was of the blood of Joseph's son. He, the accused innocent and the guilty without guilt, said, "O people! I am a sin without guilt. O believing humans, I am not responsible for your thefts, nor for your hypocrisy, nor for your uncontrollable desires. I am merely a 'brand' invented by the owner of the Heavenly Café in collaboration with the priests to sell you

certificates of innocence. I am a cover and a mask that the owner of the Heavenly Café placed for you to hide behind the weakness of your minds!"

But the naive, believing slaves did not hear him. The crowd was very large around the “prayer radio,” and everyone was shouting, directing their plea to the owner of the heavenly, cosmic café, repeating foolishly and naively: “We seek refuge in you from the evil of the accursed devil.” Through this delusion, the believing slaves continued to practice the most heinous vices under the guise of “seeking forgiveness and refuge erases what came before them.”

Conclusion: Upside-Down Coffee

Shatt on returned to his office and turned over his cup of black coffee. He looked at the grounds and said, "Even this blackness they attribute to me, even though they are the ones who cooked it. What a disgrace! The honorable people in this world who do not have 'someone to hide behind and conceal their sins under his skin, then spit on him, these honorable people who do not have a

veil to hide behind are the only ones who burn. As for the hypocrites, they have a God who forgives, a cover called Shatt on who endures, and coffee that intoxicates the mind."

One of the rebels at the Heavenly Cafe, who was opposed to its existence and the existence of its owner, threw a rose at Shatt on and said to him: "You are not a devil, my friend, you are the first 'martyr' of reason and perception in the history of illusions."

It's over.

They ask you about the foam

In the alley of the unseen, Sheikh Balsara sat—a man who claimed to possess a "catalog" of the universe. He always had an upside-down coffee cup in front of him, and a scarf of cowrie shells hung from his neck. People would rush to him with existential questions, and he would answer them in his own unique style, a blend of charlatanry and sacred "twisting and turning." It was decided at the Heavenly Coffeehouse to hold a celestial awareness seminar under the auspices of cappuccino foam and the aroma of roasted coffee beans. The Heavenly Coffeehouse was not merely a recreational place where the faithful gathered to sip celestial coffee and roasted beans in a cosmic fire; rather, it was a sacred, cultural, and educational space, possessing its own sanctity, purity, and elevated status. Therefore, by order of the Owner and Master of Cosmic Properties, including the Heavenly Coffeehouse, it was decided to hold a sacred celestial awareness seminar, to be led by Sheikh (Balsara), the sheikh of the holy Heavenly Quarter, who resides in the Quarter of the Heavenly Starry Unseen, the parallel universe. Sheikh Balsara, the sheikh of the

quarter, would deliver a celestial awareness lecture to enlighten the faithful servants.

Regarding their sacred heavenly matters, he explained their pure, unseen, heavenly book to them, as some of the faithful had been confused by sacred and pure words and meanings, free from all imperfection and flaw. Therefore, the owner of the café decided to hold a heavenly cultural seminar for explanation, interpretation, and clarification, to be led by the venerable heavenly scholar, Sheikh (Balsara). He would explain to the faithful what was unclear to them, what they found difficult to interpret and analyze, and answer all their questions. The seminar convened, and Sheikh Balsara, the sheikh of the neighborhood, sat at the round heavenly table. The faithful gathered around him, their eagerness and longing overflowing, eager to ask and inquire. A torrent of questions began to pour down like a winter night rain, falling upon Sheikh Balsara, the sheikh of the neighborhood, in a state of bewilderment, wanting to settle in the river or sea of knowledge to quench his thirst and benefit from it. The questions uttered by the faithful

poured forth like missiles and fiery projectiles that landed upon Sheikh Balsara, the heavenly sheikh of the neighborhood. The features of bewilderment appeared and were etched upon his face. Sheikh Balsara's face was like a surreal painting by a bohemian artist, with no defined meanings or ideas. Sheikh Balsara was perplexed as to how to answer and where to begin, being the great scholar entrusted with quenching the thirst for knowledge and extinguishing the thirst of confusion and the flames of questioning with the cool, refreshing waters of science and knowledge that extinguish the fire of confusion, dispersion, and astonishment.

The question is about "essence".

A young man in the prime of his life approached Sheikh Balsara, his eyes shining with intelligence (a trait Sheikh Balsara disliked). Thinking, analysis, explanation, and interpretation are enemies of faith, indeed, they are the worst enemies of faith, because thinking, awareness, and analysis weaken heavenly faith, making it feeble and anemic. Therefore, Sheikh Balsara feared that the

great status and value of faith would be lost and collapse because of this reckless, trivial, curious, impulsive, and faithless young man. However, he controlled himself, asked forgiveness from his Lord, and held fast to the calmness and steadfastness of a believer. He suppressed his anger and cleared his throat in preparation for listening to the young man's question, who began by asking: "O our venerable Sheikh, science says that the body is made up of chemistry and electricity, so what is this soul you speak of? How does it work? And where does it go? Science has not proven its existence, and there are no studies or conclusive evidence of its existence. So where is this soul? Is it hidden, or does it wear an invisibility cloak?"

Sheikh Balsara cleared his throat, straightened in his seat, looked up at the sky with a mysterious gaze, then said in a melodious voice:

"And they ask you about the soul? Say, 'The soul is from the owner of the coffee shop... and you have not been given anything but a little coffee grounds!'"

The young man was taken aback and said, "That's not an answer! You didn't tell me what it is; you only told me who possesses it, as if you were telling me, 'Go and ask the branch manager!'" The sheikh replied coldly, "My son, questioning the soul is heresy. It's like the foam on a cappuccino; if you try to grasp it, it spoils, and if you drink it, it evaporates. The important thing is to believe in its existence so that the cup retains its prestige! And so that belief retains its sweetness. My son, know that when you look at an apple on a tree, dream about it, and imagine that you possess it, this is more beautiful and more enjoyable than when the apple falls from the top of the tree and lands in your hands. Then you lose its sweetness, and you’re longing and yearning for it vanish. So it is with the soul, my son. Leave it far away, high above, and imagine it as you wish and as you desire. This will be better for your faith, so that it grows stronger and more resilient. But if you try to understand the essence of the soul, you will lose its sweetness and pleasure, and your belief in it will end, losing its beauty and brilliance. Imagine it, my son, imagine it; this is the best strengthener of faith."

They ask you about the "appointment".

Among the faithful attendees, an old woman came forward, dragging her feet, striving towards Sheikh Balsara to increase her knowledge and benefit from his blessing and grace. She approached him, kissed his hands, and then gave the Sheikh an amount of money (the zakat of knowledge, as he calls it), and said: “They ask you about the Hour, what is its appointed time? When will this torment end and we go to the great feast? When will this Hour come and at what hour do I want to prepare? I am afraid that death will suddenly overtake me. What will you lose if we know? We want to understand what hour it is.”

The sheikh held a large cowrie shell, whispered to it, and then said

"And they ask you about the time? Tell them to find out at the big roastery... It will come to you suddenly, like the coffee boiling over on the fire when you leave it for a second to answer the phone!" The old woman said sadly, "So there's no set time? I sold my gold to reserve a seat at the 'highest cafe'!" The sheikh said as he gathered the money,

"Patience, Hajjaj, patience is the 'coffee' that never ends."

They ask you about menstruation.

A confused man entered asking about a trivial matter, and the sheikh replied in the same tone: "And they ask you about the 'coffee grounds' at the bottom of the cup? Say it is harmful, so avoid coffee until it dries up, and when it dries up, read your fortune in it!" The man left, his confusion increasing and his astonishment flowing down his face like sweat pouring down in a scorching sun.

The rebellious "Read," who always objects to the existence of the celestial café and its owner, laughed. (Our rebellious friend, observing the scene from afar to analyze, think, deduce, research, and investigate logical facts with scientific evidence, said loudly: "Guys, do you notice? Every time you ask him about a fact, he turns you into 'the café owner.' He doesn't know anything! He's playing a game of metaphysical guesswork with you. 'And they ask you' is the key to escaping the blatant metaphysical inadequacy in the face of science. He's selling you 'foam,'

meaning illusion and mirage. You live your lives running and panting after it, like mercury that no one can grasp. And in the end, it's nothing, all of it is grasping at the wind, while this deceitful charlatan receives gold as the price for the foam of illusion.")

The Great Confrontation

The rebel leader always approached the metaphysics of the heavenly café and its deceitful owner, in the rebel leader's opinion. The rebel approached Sheikh "Balsara" and asked him with biting sarcasm: "And they ask you about yourself, Balsara... Who appointed you as the café owner's representative? And who gave you the right to respond on his behalf when you possess nothing but a 'dirty cup' and a 'deaf shell'?"

The sheikh was confused, but he quickly regained his composure, and said with anger and resentment that appeared on his face and was evident in the tones of his voice, which he sharpened and drew out like a sword from its sheath, saying: "And they ask you about Read? Say he is 'bad coffee beans' that are

not suitable for boiling! Do not argue with him so that your dish does not burn!"

Read burst out laughing: "Even when you talk about me, you don't have a satisfactory answer? You're like that strange, disjointed, contradictory, inconsistent, and ambiguous book, full of blatant scientific and historical errors, which lists questions but gives only 'pseudo-answers'. I see you, too, are increasing the ignorance of the ignorant and the stupidity of the believer. This phrase 'And they ask you' that fills your venerated and revered book is the greatest invention of charlatans; it deludes the questioner into thinking his voice is being heard, while the answer is merely a wall with a sign that says: 'No entry for non-employees!'"

the end

The people returned to their homes, repeating "And they ask you" and "Say," just say, and the proof they told him without certainty confirms and without practical certainty is just say, and why not, for the word from between the lips of the holy prophet and owner of the heavenly cosmic café is a contract and

stronger than a thousand proofs and scientific certainty. Indeed, the word Say is a certain testimony to the truth of what is said, what has been said, and what will be said. And the faithful gentlemen left the heavenly cosmic café after the end of the seminar feeling a strange comfort, not because they knew the truth, but because the "foam of illusion" was delicious and easy to swallow, while the "bitterness of knowledge" presented by the rebel Read required thought, awareness, logic, and science, and free minds do not fear confrontation.

Then the rebel (Read) took a sip of his special coffee (the coffee of science and logic), feeling triumphant and laughing at the "naive and foolish" people who pay the price for "nothing".

The end

Husband for rent

In the world of heavenly coffee, where the Merciful Barista runs a cosmic café filled with cups of illusion, there was a strange rule: if a customer (the husband) threw away his coffee cup (divorced his wife) three times, he was forbidden by a heavenly decree and prohibited from drinking from it again, unless he brought a “temporary barista” or he was one inwardly and outwardly as if he were an eternal husband. This temporary barista would ask him to bring the coffee (enter her), pour it hot (coitus), then if he or she wanted and according to the prior agreement, he would throw away the cup (divorce her) so that the

first customer could drink again comfortably as he did in the past, before the barista prohibition in the heavenly café.

In a secluded, far-off corner known as the Sacred Caffeine Analysts' Corner, Abdel-Maqsood used to sit, his eyes darting about, driven by a mixture of longing and desire. He longed to savor the permissible pleasure of cappuccino foam, and he harbored a burning desire for money. Abdel-Maqsood was, as usual, facing financial hardship; his situation was dire, going from bad to worse. He sat sipping his sacred coffee, roasted over a celestial fire, surrounded by his colleagues. It was a sacred profession, its purpose to bring two people together in a permissible way—a profession entirely within the bounds of what is permissible. It was also a profession during the marriage contract. When married life between two people becomes a tangled knot of incomprehensible codes, ending in an irreversible separation, the role of the analysts in the celestial café—a special place reserved for them—comes into play. There, they would discuss matters of their noble profession, their sole aim being the well-being of the two disputing parties. Sacred heavenly decrees, ordained by the celestial owner of the café, forbade them from returning to their former state. However, the owner of the café, a kind,

compassionate, and merciful man, would never condone the suffering of those seeking reconciliation. Perhaps both parties desired to reunite, so why should they be deprived of each other? It was imperative to find someone to revive and mend the rift, to set the stagnant waters flowing again. This person must be a noble, selfless, and courageous individual. He must enter into the marriage, benefiting himself and others, thus doubly benefiting. Then, after fulfilling his need, he would return the wife to her former husband, healthy and whole. This is how she could return to him, after undergoing a ritual performed by the celestial mediator chosen by the divorced woman from among the patrons seated in the corner of the celestial mediators. The one chosen by the divorced woman would be the lucky one, the one who would restore her to her former life, making her immediately usable again. The divorced man would then rush to her after the mediator completed his task. This was often prearranged, and those who claimed it was random or... Without hesitation, he is a deceiver because he is the only way for the divorced woman to return to her ex-husband. Thus, Abdel Maqsood was chosen, and this was not the first time. Abdel Maqsood had resorted to this noble sacrifice, making himself a bridge for the divorced woman to cross to return to her ex-husband, who

awaited her on the other side. But after Abdel Maqsood consummated the marriage, he would suffer twice: first, he would acquire money to solve his financial crises and escape his poverty, and second, he would spend several nights enjoying permissible pleasure with a heavenly decree issued with the official seal of the Heavenly Coffeehouse and a sacred, legal signature from the owner of the Heavenly Coffeehouse. He was chosen, and he rejoiced greatly. After drinking his Heavenly Coffeehouse, he flew like a bird to his home, drunk and intoxicated with happiness. Then

The paper that Abdel-Maqsood was clutching in his hand, beaming with joy, flew away and landed on the sofa next to him. A strong gust of wind flung the window wide open, and the paper, like an arrow, flung itself down comfortably and stubbornly on the back of the sofa, a meter or two away from him, as if sticking its tongue out at him or provoking him. He, in turn, rose and approached it with foolish persistence and pride, in a commanding gesture as if forbidding it from making any movement, from even thinking of abandoning him or moving away, until it had fulfilled its purpose perfectly. It was no ordinary piece of paper; it was a weapon with which he warded off the evils of time and

secured his withering future, a future withered by the days and consumed by the years and the passage of time. This paper was his lucky charm, the talisman that always protected him from the treachery of time, the treachery of friends, and even from his own own treachery. It was the amulet he had crafted for himself with a skill more adept than any charlatan, sorcerer, or magician. Indeed, it was far more powerful than that; it was an amulet of love, companionship, and joy. Far be it from you, dear reader, to think that this is a reprehensible pastime or a deviant love affair. It is not only legitimate but legal, protected by law and sanctioned by religion. Indeed, it is permitted and even encouraged. Without its practice, one might lose faith or, God forbid, violate one's religious law. And I see you, dear reader, asking yourself this question with the eagerness of a child for their favorite toy, the insistence of oneself to possess it. I see you are pressing to know the secret and essence of this paper. But I will let it speak, explain, and roam freely in your mind, back and forth, however it pleases, until you uncover all the details. I may be ashamed to mention some of them, but it is straightforward and bold, fearing no blame in the pursuit of truth, for it is strong, its argument clear, its features evident. Its light shines like the bright morning in the eyes of all who speak, so silence their tongues and

guard them. What compels them to fear, or to hesitate, or even to equivocate, when it is the folded paper, protected by the acknowledgment of all, by people, custom, and religion? What is there to fear? Whom do they fear? In addition to facilitating matters for him that he wouldn't have dared or even dreamed of thinking about, not even remotely, on all levels and in all aspects—material, psychological, emotional, and everything else. And why not? A person himself is nothing more than a collection of papers in the eyes of people, the state, official gatherings, government departments, and agencies. Who else defines him and reveals his essence but a small piece of paper, perhaps the size of a palm, yet its impact is significant? Without it, he is unknown, a nobody, dead or deceased, lying on his coffin, completely without proving his existence through the paper. But this paper of ours is something else entirely, a different kind of paper, but it possesses a magic and power that surpasses other papers, even more so. Let it speak for itself and describe its own pain, saying:

After Abdel Maqsood Effendi bent down to carry me from the sofa where I was lying, he quickly and eagerly folded me up and went with all his energy and activity to the bathroom to bathe, shave, polish his twisted mustache,

and admire his muscles that stood out from under his suit shirt, which he immediately took off after he went to his room. Then he stood admiring himself in the mirror while he was wearing his underwear. He had taken off his shiny brown shoes and put on his house slippers, and he set off with the lightness of a bird and the agility of a gazelle to the bathroom after he glanced at me from the corner of his eye, as if he were a lover who was going to meet his beloved, whom he was infatuated with, to spend a night of pleasure with her and remind her of his love with eagerness and longing, for fear that she would forget the date. This was after he put me on the desk next to the bed and he went with his joyful steps towards the bathroom door, and I followed him with my eyes. Abdul Maqsood Effendi was one of the finest young men in the Zeinhom neighborhood. He was the eldest of his brothers. His father died, and a few years later, his mother followed him. He took on the responsibility of raising, nurturing, and educating his brothers until they grew up and each became self-reliant, forging their own paths in life. Each became preoccupied with their own affairs, concerns, and problems, except for Abdul Maqsood Effendi, who remained alone in the small apartment his parents had left him, which they called the family apartment. But what troubled me most

about this man was that he was a talkative, playful, and reckless man who disregarded life completely. It was as if he was returning a blow that had unexpectedly struck him, leaving him stunned and bewildered. He swore that he would not leave this life until he had returned the blow twofold. Since his brothers had each gone their separate ways, he lived only for himself and nothing else. He defied everything around him, even his poverty and hardship, as if taking revenge on himself for what life had done to him. His only concern was sitting in the café every night to play ten dominoes, throwing dice in front of his rivals from the café gang, as if he were throwing a mine that would explode and crush everyone. Then he would move from throwing dice to playing cards, blowing and exhaling the smoke from the shisha pipe that was passed around among the café group he befriended, especially after he was fired from his job for a mistake he made at work. The manager dismissed him from the job he had never cared about until mistakes and missteps piled up on him. But he didn't regret it much, as his job as a simple archive clerk in a warehouse was a heavy burden, and he always wished that this burden would be lifted from his shoulders so he could catch his breath, which he loathed and was forced into, especially since he only had the old

elementary school certificate, which was equivalent to He was in his final year of high school at the time, but he always complained about it and neglected his work, or deliberately neglected it, in order to get fired. This job was never his ambition, nor his goal or purpose. After he devoted himself to playing cards and smoking shisha every night at the café, I followed his every move and memorized it, after I became his friend and close companion, even more than a lover or confidante. Every day, after waking up and having breakfast, he would put on his gray suit and his deep red fez, polish his brown shoes that he cherished, then place the fez on his head, crooked up to his eyebrows. He would peer from under his fez and play with his eyebrows at every woman who came and went, complimenting the beauty of whoever caught his eye while sitting at the café sipping his morning tea. And of course, he wouldn't forget to put me in his pocket after glancing at me with a look of satisfaction, joy, and happiness. He would fold me gently and tenderly, like a mother, then put me in his pocket, for I was a precious piece of paper, nay, I am dearer to him than his mother and father, and he would sacrifice all his family and relatives for me. Then, after finishing his session at the cafe, he would go for a walk and loiter in the streets. He had no source of

income after being dismissed from his job except for a meager pension from his father's work as a messenger in one of the government departments. Since he was the only one among his brothers who was unemployed and unmarried, he was the most deserving and entitled to receive the pension. And Abdel Maqsood Effendi would remain loitering, flirting with this one and glaring at that one with fiery looks whose sparks almost penetrated her body and every part of her. And so, it was until lunchtime. Every night he would eat his lunch at the restaurant of Haj Saeed Al-Shawana, which is the most famous restaurant in the Zeinhom neighborhood, until I got tired of his food (tripe, lungs, trotters, and head meat, which he would lavish on himself every day, and the bowl of soup would flow with its contents like a stream of foam over his lips, passing through his shirt, so that a river of this bowl would flow down his huge chest and broad shoulders). Then, a torrent of soup would pour from his lips, so intense was his gluttony. I remember that every time he carried me in his pocket, he would feel for me to make sure I was still there, then take me out and hold me, gazing at me as if he couldn't believe it. The smell of head meat, tripe, and sausage wafting from his fingers, which gripped me tightly, assaulted my senses, as if I might fly away from his grasp.

At first, we weren't friends. He complained of his poverty, his need, his loneliness, and his love for flirting with beautiful women and girls. I always seemed to him like a dream, a mirage, unattainable. It was my habit to resist him, to reject him with a coquettishness and feminine charm rarely found in women and girls, because I could never fall into his hands. I existed only between the fingers of the wealthy and rich, and he could never touch my body, nor would I allow him to... My limbs only feel the touch of a great tycoon or a wealthy landowner. I usually only reside in the homes of the rich, in palaces, villas, factories, and shops. You'll also find me flitting about, coming and going in banks, emerging and peeking my head out with pride and arrogance from the pockets and wallets of the wealthy and millionaires. Now, my dear, do you know who I am? I am the golden, always-winning card—for those with a bank balance. I am the check. My first strange and wonderful encounter with Abdel-Maqsood Effendi began when he was walking at night, staggering, drunk after drinking the cheap infusion of "brattish" and "simulants," which he habitually drank every night with his friends during a gathering of fun, luck, and laughter—"a lucky hour that cannot be replaced." He would walk humming the song, "Bring the bottle and sit down, play with me, the fresh bazaar is here,

and I like the situation." Although he was always dissatisfied with his circumstances, he consoled himself with songs. The melodies were filled with hope that the days would one day bestow upon him their gifts. As he strolled along, drunk and staggering, he heard weeping and wailing coming from above. He raised his head and looked down at the sound, trying to gather his senses and focus. His gaze fell upon Najia, the daughter of Umm Najia. He was suddenly jolted awake, as if struck by a blow, and stared at her. She stood at the window, weeping and wailing in a trembling voice, weary with sorrow and exhausted by the sobbing, until her voice broke into bitter tears. He stopped immediately and gazed at her, deeply moved by her plight. Najia was the most beautiful girl in the neighborhood, sought after by all, and desired to marry her. She had always refused and resisted, as had her mother, who depended on a large pickle shop left to her by her husband, Najia's father, before his death. The shop provided her and her daughter with a substantial profit. One day, Najia got married, and the news struck the neighborhood youth like a thunderbolt. It was Abu Saree, a fabric merchant and owner of the largest fabric stores in the town, with branches spread across many neighborhoods. Najia married him despite the age difference

between them, and despite the fact that he already had a wife and three daughters and longed for a son, especially as his wife grew older. Najia and her mother were planning for her to inherit his wealth, or at least most of it, after she bore him a son. With her charm, beauty, cunning, and feminine wiles, she was capable of making him write half his property in her name at the land registry. However, Abu Saree was extremely jealous of Najia, almost jealous of her clothes. He would go mad if he ever saw her standing at the window, looking out, a glimpse of her supple, soft body peeking out, its curves swaying and moving with delight as she walked, or her chestnut hair cascading gently and submissively. And a gentle touch rested upon her shoulders, enveloping them with the tenderness of a yearning lover and the passion of a lover consumed by the flames of desire. He could barely glimpse the piercing gaze of her eyes, their burning, deadly arrows darting and galloping like an angry mare, here and there, amidst a radiant, white face whose light shone forth, its sun illuminating her entire countenance. Her full, smiling lips, from which a smile descended like drops of healing balm, would revive thirsty hearts and quench their thirst from the wellspring of that smile's balm, until it permeated every heart that beheld her and her face. All of this stirred Abu Saree's

anger, igniting the tempestuous winds of jealousy within him, shaking him to his core. He frequently quarreled and fought with her over such matters, with whom she spoke, how many young men she encountered in the street, and which of them dared to flirt with her, knowing she was his wife. For Abu Saree' knew that Najia was the dream girl of every young man, indeed every man in the neighborhood, even the married ones. And Abdul Maqsood Effendi had always dreamt of her. Every time, with every argument, Abu Saree, known for his quick temper and volatile nature, would erupt in anger, his cauldron boiling over. He would utter a divorce oath against Najia, causing her to become furious and flee to her mother's house in the Zeinhom neighborhood. Yet, she knew, and was absolutely certain, that he was deeply attached to her, his heart yearning to see her. She was confident he would return to her again. Each time, she would playfully withdraw, tearfully withdrawing and refusing him with a rejection that seemed almost like a hidden plea. His heart would flutter with joy, and his longing would intensify. He would apologize, begging for forgiveness and offering his loyalty and obedience. Of course, Najia would not agree to return to him unless he wrote a deed of sale, giving her one of his many buildings, a piece of land, or one of his

large shops. Only then would she return content, after he assured her, he would never commit such a folly again and would never abandon her. This, of course, would all take place before her legally mandated waiting period (iddah) ended, so Abu Saree wouldn't need to write a new marriage contract. It was profitable for Najia. Each of the three times Abu Saree' divorced her, Najia gained profits and properties to appease him and get her to accept him and return. Thus, her and her mother's plan were proceeding smoothly until disaster struck. Abu Saree' uttered the oath of divorce for the third time, a final and irrevocable divorce according to Islamic law. Anyone who disregards Islamic law is considered foolish, and Najia and her mother will lose this mobile bank and this man whose buildings, properties, and assets have become a heavy burden. For this reason, Najia stood at the window weeping and lamenting her misfortune that had thrown her before a hot-tempered, jealous, and foolish man from whom she could gain nothing but the accumulation of wealth. Najia had not yet completed her plan to seize the man's fortune through buying and selling, or at least half of what he owned, so her plan was thwarted before it could be finished. As soon as Najia spotted Abdul Maqsood Effendi walking unsteadily, swaying and patching his clothes

His gaze lingered on her, stealing glances and lingering in contemplation, until an idea flashed through her mind like lightning. She knew much about Abdel Maqsood's circumstances and the poverty that clung to him like his shadow. She also knew that he had been infatuated with her for a long time and still was. So, she called to him from the window, whispering to him in tones as sweet as musical strings. Abdel Maqsood quickly awoke from his stupor at the most beautiful voice, and his heart swelled with ecstasy and joy when she asked him to come up to the apartment. He flew, carried by his feet faster than a magic carpet, and ascended the stairs with the lightness of a feather until he found himself standing in front of the apartment door. Before he could knock, Najia opened it with a smile and quickly ushered him into the guest room. Najia sat before him with her tearful beauty and all her femininity, and he began to wipe the sweat that was pouring from him and shift his fez back, flustered and unsure of what to say. Sometimes he cleared his throat, sometimes he groaned, while Najia glanced at him with sly eyes, smiling coquettishly and flirtatiously, and said: Excuse me, Mr. Abdel Masoud, it's late.

n No worries, I'm used to it. I always stay up late and come back late at night.

But where is your mother?

- My mother is asleep, you know she's old and it's late, she's probably eating rice with the angels in a deep sleep.

- He clears his throat, staring at her intently, then asks eagerly and curiously: And why are you still awake? And.....

- Before Abdel Maqsood could finish speaking, Najia interrupted him, crying and continuing her sobbing, and told him everything that had happened to her with Abu Saree' and how he had divorced her with the third divorce, and that she could not return to him again unless…?

- I am ready to provide any service that will satisfy you and put your mind at ease, if I can help.

- -- You can, Mr. Abdel Masoud, you can

- Najia began to cry and told him that it was not permissible for her to return to this husband, with whom she was forced to stay because of her need for money, as well as that of her sick mother who needed an expensive surgery. She said that the only way forward was in the hands of Abdel Maqsood Effendi, which was for him to play the role of

the "Muhallil" (a marriage of convenience), and what do you know about the "Muhallil"? He, my friend, is a type of man who is rented out as a husband, either for hours, months, or perhaps years, depending on the circumstances or the husband's mood. If he thinks of divorcing his temporary wife, or the one he knows is his only temporary wife, she will instantly become new, shining, and radiant, as if she were born anew. And her previous relationship with her former husband can be revived, for she has returned to him, by God's grace and favor, as pure and wholesome as the day she was born. All credit goes to the rented husband, or the one who made her permissible and pure for him, and his property again. He, this man, is the scapegoat. He is that unknown soldier who has the real hidden action and the great favor that others do not realize. He is the hero who broke into the arena and extended his generous hand to that wife or that divorced woman to restore her ownership to the husband who divorced her irrevocably. The third divorce is a repentance, but this valiant hero makes her shine again for him and wipes away the dust of years and the effects of the last divorce that stood like an impenetrable dam and a barrier between them. So, this hero steps forward to demolish this wall. How? By marrying a divorced woman,

knowing full well that he is sacrificing for her and her ex-husband, he must stipulate in the marriage contract that she is irrevocably divorced, as this is required by Islamic law. Otherwise, the law would be invalidated and its validity would expire, which is impermissible. This self-sacrificing man, fully aware of everything that has transpired with his temporary wife, takes it upon himself to redeem their relationship—her and her ex-husband—with his blood. I mean, by marrying her and enjoying her company, even if only briefly, a permissible pleasure, of course. What a sacrifice! It is an intimate, clinical act of heroism. He must consummate the marriage, and once he does, the law is fulfilled, the desired outcome is achieved, and the valiant hero enters the arena, convincing himself of the sacrifice and the intimate, clinical act of devotion that Islamic law has undoubtedly permitted. She returns as if she were a young girl, as if she were a virgin again, and all that has passed is erased as if nothing ever happened. Here comes the moment of truth, the starting point. The wife must strive, and she has every right, to end this heroic act, thanking this valiant hero for his sacrifice and devotion, and diligently seeking a divorce. He divorces her with ease and simplicity, for he knows his role in advance, and she returns to him as pure and

untouched as a virgin girl whenever they both want to. What a spiral plan! And what a tolerant law! It is a symbol of tolerance, cooperation, brotherhood, and affection. What is wrong with a husband sharing his wife, or rather his ex-wife, with another man so that she may return to him again? And how wonderful it would be if the matter were agreed upon beforehand between the two parties or the two men. What a sporting spirit! And so, Abdel Maqsood Effendi understood what Najia was aiming for and the humanitarian service she wanted him to perform for her. He remained silent for a long time after she finished speaking with him, lost in thought and daydreaming. But he promised her that he would consider the matter and that he wouldn't hesitate to help if he could. He left her after greeting her warmly, his fingers brushing hers in a heartfelt handshake that ignited a fire of longing in his chest. He left Najia's house, lost in thought, and went to his modest apartment. He spent the entire night in thought and sleeplessness until his heart yearned for Najia. He remembered the days when his soul longed for her day and night, and that she was the Najia he had always dreamed of. He knew he was among the many men and young men who would have wished for this generous offer, which would not only bring them money but also closeness

to Najia, especially since she had promised to shower him with money if he succeeded in his role. This would surely ignite the fire of jealousy in Abu Saree's heart. He wouldn't return to that game again. Initially, after deciding to accept Najia's request, he thought long and hard about not leaving her, about keeping her as his wife forever, and not divorcing her so she wouldn't return to that tyrannical, oppressive teacher, Abu Saree'. But then he became afraid again of Abu Saree's ruthlessness and his men. He was a cruel man with no mercy in his heart, and many had heard horrifying tales of murder, brutality, beatings, and assaults on anyone who stood in his way, challenged him, or took anything he wanted. Because he was a man with close ties to the wealthy and powerful, he always got away with any charge. In fact, he was above the law, and the law didn't apply to people like him. At this point, fear gripped Abd al-Maqsood. He thought that Abu Saree' might kill him or send one of his men to attack him one night as he staggered home, leaving him paralyzed or permanently disabled. He was a man of influence, and he had no power against this man. He knew very well that Abu Saree' only yielded to him. Najia, with her femininity, his love for her, and her charm, was someone he was prepared to spend a great deal on. After much deliberation, he

decided that Abdel Maqsood should inform Najia of his agreement to her request, especially since he would receive a large sum of money to withdraw from the bank. This would conquer his poverty and banish this eternal misfortune forever. However, his condition was that, to avoid Abu Saree's wrath, Najia should inform him, through one of his servants, that she had found the solution to his tormented heart. She would relinquish her claim and return to him through a noble, courageous, and self-sacrificing hero who would present her to him on a silver platter and would never covet her for himself. Thus, in Abu Saree's eyes, Abdel Maqsood would appear as the noble, self-sacrificing hero performing this great service and making this noble sacrifice to return his wife to him and allow him to have her again, all according to Islamic law. Abu Saree knew that these were divine commands, and it would be difficult for him to disobey them without committing a forbidden act. But if he found a courageous, brave, and self-sacrificing hero with a sporting spirit and faith-based discipline, he would be ready. And he who truly and rightfully believes will be able to win back his ex-wife, making her his wife again. But if he dares to touch her or marry her, she will never be allowed to go through this temporary marriage, this self-sacrificing union where he must consummate

the marriage and have his share of her. His former wife will never be permissible for him again. There is a noble difference and an honorable purpose between the two methods. The first is ordinary and hasty, full of recklessness and folly, while the other is legitimate and lawful. And what do you know of what is lawful? It is a method imbued with a spirit of sportsmanship, a spiritual exercise, and a shared brotherhood and affection between the two men in one woman. What brotherhood! What affection! What a manifestation and purification of the spirit of sacrifice and redemption! These are profound meanings for those who understand them. And thus, the will of the Lord of the Worlds was fulfilled, and Najia stood by the condition set by Abd al-Maqsood Effendi, whose star shone brightly and grew in the eyes of Abu Saree, who promised to shower him with money as well.

- If he had done what he wanted, and the most important condition of Abu Saree', who was insanely jealous of Najia, was that Abdel Maqsood Effendi not touch her and that he spend the agreed-upon time with her in a separate room, and that he would not have accepted this noble trick and great sacrifice were it not for his necessity, and that he had no objection to abandoning some conditions in

order to achieve the pillars of the tolerant Sharia, then Abdel Maqsood Effendi would not have disobeyed the order of the teacher Abu Saree'. But Najia, after being alone with Abdel Maqsood, was not pleased with the situation, for Abdel Maqsood Effendi was a young man, muscular, with a strong mustache, broad-chested, brimming with vitality, vigor, and virility, and were it not for his poverty, she would not have married the teacher Abu Saree'. She approached him and did not allow him to enter the room alone to spend the night with her, saying: "Is it reasonable, is it reasonable that you, my husband, sleep away from me? Is this acceptable?"

- He was stumbling, captivated by the scent of Najia, which had both killed his soul and his mind. She stood swaying and seductively before him with unparalleled charm, and he said to her: "But Teacher Abu Saree' asked me to..." Before he could finish, she interrupted him, saying: "Leave Abu Saree' to me. I know how to deal with him. He's like a ring on my finger, and a word from me can change his mood and tip the scales... And how could he possibly know what's between us?" She whispered softly, "What's between us will remain a secret, and no one will know about it, as if nothing happened. All of this will be for the sake of Sharia and religion, and you

are a believer. Would you be pleased to disobey Sharia and anger religion and God? Surely His wrath and anger will descend upon you." Abd al-Maqsood quickly leaned in and was reassured by her words, especially since he was a believer. Would it please God if Teacher Abu Saree' were more important than God? Impossible... and his heart yielded to his desire, and he held Najia in his arms, and the dream became a reality in his hands... The assigned task ended peacefully, and Najia returned to Abu Saree' with thanks and appreciation to Abdel Maqsood Effendi, who had obtained me for the first time as the greatest reward he received from Najia and Abu Saree' for performing this noble and humanitarian service for both of them. Abdel Maqsood Effendi gazed at me intently and smelled my scent as if he were inhaling the fragrance of money through the written and illustrated lines on my page. He quickly slipped me into his pocket and began withdrawing me from the bank in the morning. Abdel Maqsood Effendi now had money and began to lavishly spend and entertain his friends. But after a short while, Abdel Maqsood Effendi longed for me, the small piece of paper, and missed me. Your presence beside him and in his pocket gave him motivation and drive, and made life brighter and more creative in his eyes,

especially since the money he had acquired was gradually running out, and he had to amass a fortune to protect himself from the evils and treachery of time. So, Abdul Maqsood Effendi thought and thought for a long time about how he could get her back and keep me in his pocket again. How could he protect himself from the fires of his burning longing for me and keep my friendship with him forever? How could he make me his constant companion and his only love throughout his life and never lose me? Finally, Abdul Maqsood Effendi arrived at a brilliant solution, his mind sparking a diabolical idea: how could he uphold the principles of Islamic law and be a truly devout man? Why not establish the law according to its fundamentals, thus being both the benefactor and the beneficiary, especially since his reputation had spread throughout the neighborhood and surrounding areas after he recounted to his friends what had transpired between him, Najia, and her husband, Abu Saree'? They all envied him for the bliss he experienced alongside the houri (Najia), one of the beautiful houris of Paradise. He became the most renowned donor and the greatest sacrifice in this legitimate act of self-sacrifice. He didn't hesitate to offer himself and his services to any woman who found herself in such a predicament and wanted to reclaim her

lost husband, or any husband who wanted to recover what he had lost. With the consent of both parties, the lost one would only be found through Abdul Maqsood. Abdul Maqsood deliberately and with premeditation, eagerly offering his noble services, would inquire about the news and circumstances of the people, the neighbors, and the new residents in the neighborhood and surrounding areas, cultivating friendships along the way. And there, most likely, he will find what he seeks, here or there. He will find someone to turn to for help, or someone who knows someone searching for a heroic, self-sacrificing, and noble figure like Abdel Maqsood Effendi. Fate did not disappoint him, nor did time let him down. He quickly achieved his goal and became the most famous self-sacrificing hero, sacrificing his own comfort and happiness to bring joy to others or to fulfill their desires and goals. He does this by making himself a bridge for passersby to cross, so that both parties can reach their destination and achieve their aims. All of this is in accordance with the noble and tolerant Sharia, and everything has its price and its reward. Crossing only happens after he places me in Abdel Maqsood Effendi's pocket, and my stability within his pocket, which he has made into a silken pillow, specially crafted for me to rest upon and lean on. Thus, my stay

becomes pleasant and my presence agreeable. I make his pocket my permanent and eternal dwelling, and he will flirt with me whenever he longs to see me as I stretch out coquettishly within its folds. With his own hands, Abdel Maqsood Effendi became wealthy and rich, all thanks to me, his loyal friend. He always had a favorite woman, sold his old apartment in the Zeinhom neighborhood, and bought a large house that displayed signs of luxury and wealth. He also bought himself an elegant car. Things changed, and Abdel Maqsood Effendi began giving money to women in need. If he found one and knew she wanted a decent man to protect her and conceal her shame until she gave birth, and he had heard that he was a noble and honorable man who wouldn't let her down, then he was more deserving of her than anyone else. So, he would take her and marry her until she gave birth, and let the child have any father but Abdel Maqsood Effendi. Then he would release her kindly after she had enjoyed his wealth and privilege for a while. How fortunate is he who benefits and is benefited! In this way, he would protect her from the shame of scandal and make her his wife to serve him, but only for a short time. Abdel Maqsood Effendi would quickly tire of her, give her what he could, and then release her kindly. He was a man who loved beautiful

women and wanted to reap the rewards. Who among the garden's flowers is the most beautiful of beauties, and does not confine himself to one like an eternal prison for life, so that he is deprived of the pleasure and delight of life? He will remain thus, wandering like a bird from nest to nest, all within what is permissible, then he releases them with kindness. But he never forgot me, for he always kept me in his pocket as a lucky charm and as a barrier veil that prevents him from the treachery of time. How many beautiful ladies are more beautiful than Najia, and how many wealthy men are in need of the chivalry and sacrifice of Abdel Maqsood, and who are bound by common interests between a man and a woman who want to maintain those interests and deals continuously, a marriage that was lost and evaporated from their hands and they want to retrieve it. And in order to ensure that he would never lose me, he was always the example of the chivalrous, noble, sacrificing man for the sake of making others happy, and I remained resting on his silk pocket that he made for me, embracing it and never leaving it. And I became a regular customer lying on the table in the sacred corner of the Heavenly Coffee analysts, and I spent my life passing from one hand to another performing my noble task that can only be accomplished by the generous,

sacrificing person who will be chosen from among the Heavenly Coffee customers.

revolution

The president, the highest, pounded his enormous table stretched before him with his powerful gavel several times. The sound was noticed by Haj (Momen), who was sitting in the heavenly café, contemplating the ground coffee as it dissolved into the coffee grounds in his cup. He sipped from it, feeling an aura of sanctity surrounding him after a day of hardship, hunger, thirst, and daily torture for a

whole month every year. But it was a holy, heavenly torture, a noble and pure torture. And now it was time to rest after the fatigue, time to sip the sacred coffee, ground in the holy heavenly mill. While sipping the coffee, Haj (Momen) listened to the sound he heard coming from deep within him, as if it were a cry for help and suffering, a sound of objection and rebellion. Haj Momen strained his ears, hoping he was imagining it, but the sound increased in intensity, and the tone of sarcasm and rebellion rose within it. So, Haj Momen tried to control the situation and the general atmosphere, as was his custom. But he heard the knocks pounding like drums above his head, and the voice began with a sudden, booming thunder, speaking as the supreme leader who controlled the rest of the members. The leader began his speech, and all the members fell silent, and stillness filled the place, while whispering murmurs like hisses broke out, creeping towards the supreme leader. He struck his gavel again and added: It seems that you are angry to the point of madness, and I excuse you, but we have gathered today to put an end to this farce that we are exposed to every day and

night. Rather, the matter is not limited to a limited period of each year or a few weeks and days, but he has gone further in his arrogance towards us and his blatant stupidity. He has reached the point of audacity and rudeness to insult us and torment us throughout the year on days other than those customary times of each year, knowing that he is not obligated to do this on the rest of the days and months of each year, but with all rudeness and foolishness, he rebuffs me if I reproach him for his actions, so he turns away from me and turns his back on me with all rudeness. He says, with confidence dripping from his mouth, that he does this to avoid punishment, gain favor and reward, receive a good recompense, and secure his place in Paradise. Moreover, he believes this will be beneficial and not harmful; on the contrary, he thinks that by his heinous acts against us, he is doing us all a great favor and a great blessing. He claims that he rids us of toxins and harm, and that his repeated actions each year give us energy and vitality, renewing and revitalizing us. We should be grateful to this fool for the torment and torture he inflicts upon us. Imagine the extent of his stupidity and

naivety, even to the point of madness and insanity! What a foolish, demented man! At that moment, the first organ, which pumps everything necessary for its health and survival—the primary source that pumps the thick fluid into the arteries and veins of this fool—began to react. His survival made him furious and raging, then he added, “Personally, I can’t take any more of this. This fool has brought me to the point of exhaustion, anger, and rage, and I can no longer perform my main task as it should be. Do you know, my fellow members, why this is? Because this idiot has deprived me of sufficient food that provides me with energy, and he has withheld from me the food, liquids, and water that I depend on, especially liquids, when I abstain from them and am deprived of them for a period of time.” Throughout the long, long day, I suffer from dehydration. This is because fluids are my primary source of energy and vitality, alongside food. Worse still, I'm no longer able to deliver enough fresh glucose to the Supreme Leader, the mastermind, the conscious mind, the one who possesses awareness and understanding. I must be constantly refreshed and receive sufficient

food and fluids to deliver them to His Excellency. At this point, the Supreme Leader sighed sadly, evoking pity from the other members. The First Member and Vice-President, his voice dripping with anger and grief, added in a broken groan, "I can no longer even tolerate the density of the fluid I pump to the other members. The fluid has become so thick, it's as if I'm about to suffer a stroke that will freeze me and silence me forever. Ah, I feel that the drumbeats of my once vibrant and energetic drums have lost their strength and become weak and feeble. My greatest fear is that my voice will gradually fade, and my memory will disappear because of this fool who has exhausted me." With his blind faith in what he believes and accepts without awareness, reason, or medical and scientific research, he restores to me and to you, gentlemen members, our lost dignity, the blood of which this criminal spilled on the dry rock of his faith, which will turn us into crumbs and decaying remains. Suddenly, a sound of sobbing and burning crying rose, to which all the members responded with sleeplessness and fever. And why not, for they are all one body. All the other members turned, directing

their hearing and sight towards the sound of sobbing and burning crying, and there it was, that elegant, elastic, delicate, transparent one—the house of disease, the one that carries within it everything this man throws at it, receiving it from him while she suffers, sobs, and laments her fate that placed her inside this cursed body, imprisoned between the walls of its owner's folly and stupidity forever, until the end. She added, still sobbing from the intensity of her sorrow, saying, "Your situation may be less severe than mine and what I suffer at the hands of this believer, a slave to his beliefs and his limbs, indifferent to what happens to me. He tortures me all the time without Mercy, without pity or respite, he oppresses me and sears the delicate, sensitive texture of my body. As you all know, gentlemen members, I contain a burning acid called uric acid. When this believer withholds from me what I need daily, during the hours of the day, the nourishment I require for no less than twelve hours, and lashes me with a burning whip every day and every night for a specific period each year, or even on other days throughout the year, I am lashed with a burning whip that sears my delicate body. The

food he places inside me used to alleviate and absorb this acidic substance. I burst into tears, which drew the eyes of the other members, who complained, saying that I am burned by this acidity while I am empty, daily for twelve hours or more, and the fire consumes me and burns every part of me. I scream in pain, begging him to give me some food, but the whip of this acidic substance does not relieve me. It lashes me with all its ferocity and brutality. I plead with him every day to have mercy on me from this fire that lashes me daily throughout the hours of the day and until sunset. The sun, but he never responds to my pleas. He is hard-hearted, stubborn, and stupid. He leads me to destruction, he hurts me, and he kills me. I am silent and steadfast, almost burning with rage and resentment towards him. I have had enough and I can no longer bear it. He torments me and humiliates me without mercy. I have endured him for a long time, and now I have had enough. Moreover, after he leaves me to burn before his eyes, I am left empty and hollow on my thrones, burned by the fire of the acid that he secretes. Inside me, I see him suddenly attacking the food greedily, hurling it inside me

unconsciously, as if he were throwing it into a large bag or sack. I swell suddenly and without warning, carrying a heavy load of food on my shoulders. I keep walking with it until my back is bent and my bones are breaking against each other, and I scream from the pain and suffering, while he is oblivious to me and indifferent to my condition. At this point, the Supreme Leader pauses, thinking, and drifts off for a moment. Then he clears his throat and adds, "We all pity your situation, my dear, and feel the humiliation you endure at the hands of this pious servant and his beliefs. This is the reason for our meeting today. All the members have come to me to consult on what to do with them after they have reached their limit with him. As the one responsible for consciousness, thought, and understanding, and as the one who makes the most rational decisions, unlike this fool who claims that thinking and reason are not my domain and falsely assigns my task to another member—who is nothing but a muscle pumping fluid into his pious body to sustain life—I say this with all due respect to this active member and all the other members, to whom the credit is due." Given his continued

existence, I thought and decided that we should meet to examine the perilous situation we find ourselves in, a situation we have patiently endured for so long. First, I want to clarify that this believer has never used me throughout his life. Had he ever considered using me, I would have advised him and shown him what he should do, guiding him to the path of righteousness and truth. However, he refused and was arrogant in his faith, believing it sufficient and beneficial because he didn't need to use me or my actions. Therefore, I decided to act independently, without relying on him or waiting for him, especially after the members complained to me that they were under immense pressure, causing them extreme exhaustion and nervousness. This was due to the rituals of this believer's body, which torment all the organs, starving them and depriving them of water and fluids. This forces his body to release hormones due to the pressure exerted on the organs. The Supreme Head of the Poison Store, in a sharp and stern tone, like a cutting sword, broke the silence that had fallen over all the council members, saying to him, "You, Poison Store, how could you remain

silent about his injustice and go away with your head bowed?" Your head bowed in humiliation and submission, you groped like a beggar, desperately seeking to burn fat to fuel his wretched body, which he himself had neglected due to the pressures exerted upon you and the rest of the body. Then the fat storehouse stirred, stood upright, and spoke in a trembling voice, like a feather in the wind, defending itself: "What else could I do, Your Excellency, in the face of his stubbornness and insistence on harming us all by refusing food and drink all day long, even until sunset? I was forced to do this; I had no choice but to resort to burning his body fat so we could all obtain fuel to provide us with energy, because the organ responsible for digestion had no glucose and hadn't produced it due to this abstinence. I, too, begged him to have mercy on us, to pity us, but to no avail. And you, Your Excellency, were the first to suffer from this pressure upon us all, as glucose would not have reached you in this situation under any circumstances." Circumstances dictated that I should... But the Supreme Leader looked at the poison storehouse, anger raining down from his words, saying, "Couldn't you

have stopped him in his tracks? Couldn't you have declared your rebellion and disobedience, fallen ill to hurt him and cause him pain, to punish him and put him in his place? Perhaps then he would have relented on this nonsense and childish, stupid torment he inflicts upon us at this time every year, and sometimes at other times of the same year. Instead of obeying him and accepting humiliation and insult, you should have taken a firm stand. Have you forgotten that you are the poison storehouse, the kitchen where the organs' processes are cooked up and poured into you?" The poison storehouse sighed a deep sigh, as if from the bottom of a deep ocean, and exhaled a breath that spoke of lost patience and overwhelming sorrow and endurance. Then he added, "And for this reason, Your Excellency, the Supreme Leader, I remained silent and submitted, searching for an alternative solution, which may be the weakest and least effective, but I had no other choice. I remained silent and submitted." For your sake, yes, for the sake of all the members, I feared for you from harm, exhaustion, and fatigue. I had to resort to an alternative solution and find fuel to protect you

from damage and provide you with the energy you lack, instead of engaging in a futile struggle and argument with this faithful, ailing body and punishing it with pain for which you would be the first to pay the price. I would not suffer alone. Therefore, I swore an oath upon myself, accepted humiliation and submission, and resorted to the alternative solution to save you and myself from loss, destruction, illness, and fatigue. The Supreme Leader fell silent, his fury over the poison storehouse subsiding. He bowed his head slightly in deep sorrow, and confusion was etched upon his features. Anxiety shone brightly on his face, like a ray of sunshine. He said, "And for this reason, I asked all the members to meet today to put an end to their complaints." At that point, the member responsible for draining fluids from this faithful servant's body asked for permission to speak. The Supreme Leader granted her permission, and she began to speak. Her features reflected sadness and sorrow, evoking the pity of the other members, as she was withered and curled up in on herself. She lamented the grief, dryness, and anguish she suffered as a result of what this faithful body had done to her, inflicting upon

her the most severe forms of torment. She continued, tears streaming down her face, looking at the poison storehouse, seeking to excuse it, as it had tried to salvage the situation by cooperating with her to eliminate the toxins in this body, but hadn't done so directly. She defended it, saying that the poison storehouse, as was its usual task, had tried to combine the toxins and mix them with something else to make them less harmful, then sent them to the blood. She then received these toxins from the blood and tried in vain to expel them as she had done normally, before this body abstained from food and drink all day until sunset. This made things difficult for her, as she always relied on the water in her blood, which facilitated her role and function in expelling the toxins sent to her by the storehouse. The body absorbs toxins through the blood and then excretes them through urine. However, when the body was deprived of water throughout the day, it suffered greatly and repeatedly tried in vain to eliminate the toxins through the very small amount of urine it produced, which was concentrated due to the severe dehydration caused by the lack of fluids. The absence of

water made the task extremely difficult, preventing the body from fulfilling its role in detoxifying the body. The path of urine, because she simply found no water and a quantity of urine concentrated inside her. She said this while she was torn apart by sorrow and pain, as she wept bitterly and sobbed, saying, "I became dehydrated and lost many cells that I can never replace again. I withered to the point that I could not perform my function of eliminating toxins, and the urine became concentrated in a small quantity. After I became exhausted and dehydrated from this pressure that was placed on me while this body refrained from drinking all day, a large quantity of salts concentrated inside me, and with them and behind them, stones formed, which became a heavy burden that I carry every day and night. A burden that takes my breath away and destroys me with the weight of these stones that have exhausted me, and now I am unable to bear their weight on my shoulders. I can no longer carry them. I am suffering because of this fool, and I have begged him repeatedly to save me from what I am in, and I reminded him that I have a right over him, and that it is not merciful or

compassionate to torment me and the rest of his faithful body with all this torment, but he did not listen to my advice." He persisted in his stubbornness, stupidity, and torture of me and the rest of the members, clinging to his beliefs, claiming that all this torture he inflicts on us is nothing compared to the greatness of his faith and the reward and divine satisfaction he will gain, and that for the sake of his beliefs he is even prepared to perish, that he will gain eternal bliss and live forever in it, and that my pleas and my suffering and the suffering of the rest of his body members are of no value compared to the rewards he will receive, the first and most important of which is avoiding punishment and hell, and also obtaining the eternal reward and eternity in bliss. Then he turned to me with utter insolence, coldness, and cruelty, telling me that the harm and suffering inflicted upon me and the other members was insignificant compared to the hell he would avoid and the eternal bliss and contentment he would attain. He said there was no point in our complaints or grievances because his sacrifices far outweighed our complaints, and that they were the only way and the essential path to achieving his goals

of contentment and bliss, and to avoiding eternal torment and hell. He added that whoever wants to take must give, and nothing comes without a price. This was the foundation upon which his beliefs and rituals were built and based: everything has its price. He said that if he weren't confident of receiving a great reward, he wouldn't have been so eager to torment us, the members of his body, and if he weren't afraid of punishment and hell, he wouldn't have made this sacrifice. He concluded that he wasn't prepared to relinquish his sacrifices so easily, for whoever embarks on the path of great faith must endure it and not retreat. Otherwise, he wouldn't be a believer, for faith requires sacrifices and self-sacrifice for one's beliefs. It doesn't matter if these beliefs are fact or fiction, whether they have tangible, concrete, logical, or direct evidence. He sees no problem in his trust being based on hearsay or sources that merely recount stories. He became enraged and furious, raging like a stormy sea, when I asked him, "How do you know that the sacrifices you're making will have the outcome you desire, the outcome for which you're inflicting such suffering on us,

your own flesh and blood? What proof do you have that you'll ultimately achieve your goal and get what you want, justifying what you're doing to us?" He glared at me, his sharp gaze like a knife's blade, and said, "Do you want me to abandon my faith and my beliefs? Or are you trying to make me doubt what I'm certain of? My irrefutable proof is that I found my fathers, grandfathers, and ancestors doing this with complete confidence. His beliefs are beyond all doubt; they are sacred and too great to be validated by logical or scientific evidence." Beliefs that transcend time and place and are greater than science. If what we found our forefathers practicing were wrong, they wouldn't have followed it. They all passed down stories and sayings from time immemorial and recorded them for us in infallible books. And this is what I and all my ancestors have followed. So, I said to her, "Do you think what you say is sufficient or convincing enough to justify torturing me and the rest of your faithful body every year, at the same time, as you do to us, adding more days and times to increase our suffering throughout the year?" She turned to me with utter contempt, saying that his faith needs no proof;

indeed, proof corrupts it. Following reason and thinking, which you demand of me, is the greatest enemy. He told me that his faith is a sworn enemy of reason and thinking, and he is not prepared to lose his strong faith for the sake of enemies like reason, logic, thinking, and science. They harm the health of his faithful body, destroy his faith, and weaken it. He must preserve the health, well-being, and strength of his faith, for it is his only true capital, and without it, he is nothing. It is his identity. He alone possessed it, and he had no other; it was a precious treasure of faith. I looked at him, and I was filled with rage, my patience overflowing like water overflowing and spilling like sea foam from the mouth of an old, dilapidated jar. Does your faith mean you have to be foolish and thoughtless, and to be hostile to logic, reason, and science?

He looked at me with arrogance, his head held high, with pride and confidence untainted by doubt, a certainty found only in a believer whose faith is strong, and he said: Yes, my identity is in my faith, and faith only grows stronger when it is distanced from its enemies that weaken it, namely thought, science, and

logic. I must nourish my faith and strengthen it. I said to him, questioning him, with resentment, bitterness, and despair dripping from my words: You nourish your faith and not your body? Do you strengthen your faith and weaken your believing body, tormenting it and destroying its organs for the sake of your fantasies, fears, and greed for things you heard or someone told you happened? You reject practical, tangible, and logical evidence and prefer to it tales and stories you were raised on and grew up with among the members of your flock and your ancestors. But sadly, he persisted in his beliefs, and his faith grew and swelled until it became a waterfall spewing forth the waters of his piety and devotion in my face. I fled, dragging the tails of disappointment, despair, and frustration, and complained of my plight to the rest of his faithful body. I found myself among them, even more miserable and suffering than I was. Then the immune system cried out, complaining and weeping about the elevated cortisol levels caused by this devoutly faithful body's abstention from fluids and food. This, in turn, weakened the body's immunity, as cortisol reduces immunity. It began to cry out,

weeping and pleading with the Supreme Leader during a meeting of all the organs, begging him to find a solution and relieve it of its suffering with this body and what was happening within it. The stronger and greater the faith, the greater the misery of the organs, the more they were tormented, and the closer their end drew. They were prevented from performing the tasks and functions for which they were created, all in the name of faith. All sacrifices pale in comparison to strong and unwavering faith, even crime and criminal acts. The suffering inflicted upon these organs is not only acceptable but also a testament to the soundness, integrity, and strength of the faith. It is a good and sound faith, even if the believer possessing this body is compelled to find justifications, fabrications, or medical patches to convince himself to accept whatever strengthens and increases his faith. He is fully prepared for this. The further the believer distances himself from the path of evil, which weakens his faith—a path of destruction for faith, being the path of knowledge, thought, reason, and logic—the greater and stronger his faith becomes. Conversely, the closer the believer gets to

these evildoers, the more they can undermine his great and strong faith, destroying and weakening it. Consequently, he loses reward, bliss, and recompense, and curses, sins, wrath, and punishment befall him. The other organs participated in the same dialogue, all complaining and suffering from bitterness, torment, and general weakness that afflicted them and negatively affected their performance of their functions throughout the year. This is due to the time each year when this strong, faithful body abstains from drink and liquids. The food was from a year ago, and they all submitted a collective complaint to the Supreme Leader, declaring their anger, resentment, and discontent with this faithful body that had subjected them to the most severe forms of abuse and placed them under immense pressure that exhausted them, weakened their tasks and functions, and instilled in them panic for fear of loss, destruction, and gradual annihilation. Because the Supreme Leader himself had suffered from the woes of this faithful body, experiencing a decline in concentration, distraction, and an inability to think about anything—in addition to the fact that this

faithful body does not use thought in the first place because it considers it its sworn enemy and the greatest danger threatening its faith and the primary threat to the soundness of its strong, firm, and great belief—this only exacerbated the situation. The Supreme Leader became afflicted with a rust that gradually accumulated over time, leading to a state of stagnation, rigidity, and stiffness not even found in inanimate objects. The supreme leader of the members of this believing body became among the dead, as he was afflicted with stagnation and exhaustion and became like a clinically dead person due to his lack of work and his lack of actions out of fear and concern for the health and safety of the faith. In contrast, the supreme leader weakened, his health declined, and rust covered him, and all of that was a sacrifice for the strength and health of the faith. So let the supreme leader fall, and what is important is the life of the faith, and whatever and every member is for the sake of the faith. Therefore, the Supreme Leader had had enough and decided to put this faithful body on trial, punish it, and put an end to its transgressions. At that moment, the Supreme Leader gave the signal to begin, and

the remaining members rose up, uniting as one, member after member, in a formidable group led by the Supreme Leader. They resolved to surround this faithful body, tighten the siege, and force it to confess to its mistreatment of them. They sought retribution for what it had done. All the members joined forces in a single attack until the siege was complete, and this faithful body was captured. The trial began, and the faithful body trembled. It felt torrents of fear sweeping it towards a dark, bottomless abyss. The faithful body swallowed hard, its saliva dries from the shock and the force of the attack. Under the intense pressure of the siege, it began to plead with its members to forgive it for what it had done to them. It claimed it would not have done so had it not been an obligation, a forced duty. It claimed that were it not for its fear of torment and hellfire, it would never have considered what it had done to its own body, and that were it not for its devotion to its faith and its fear for its own future, it would not have acted as it did. Had he been free from his enemies, reason, and logic, he would have used them and spared all these members from the harm inflicted upon them. However,

he was compelled to do what he did, and they must understand his position and forgive him, for he never intended to harm or abuse them, but these were imposed orders. It was imposed upon him, and for the sake of his faith, he reluctantly compelled himself, fearing punishment. The wise man was pursued by curses wherever he went, for he was a mere servant, possessing no power over his own destiny. But the members refused to forgive him, refusing to listen to his flimsy justifications and excuses. They had tried before to persuade him in every way, but he had refused with all the arrogance and insolence of his faith. He refused to listen to them, or even to grant them respite or mercy, not for a single day or even a few hours. How could they have mercy on him now that he was under their siege and control, after they had seized him to judge and hold him accountable for his past actions? This was the only opportunity they had ever dreamed of, and now they had the right to torment this faithful body as he had tormented and abused them over the years. At that moment, the faithful body trembled, and the drums of panic and fear beat louder and louder at what the

members might do to him, especially now that he was trapped in their hands, subject to trial and torture. He quickly and eagerly added, his breath trembling, defending himself He himself said, "My dear members, I never intended to harm you. On the contrary, throughout all these years of my life, I believed that I was benefiting and helping you, not harming you at all. I thought and believed that I was helping and strengthening you. The stronger my faith became, the more you benefited from my abstaining from food and drink at a specific time each year. I did what I did only for your benefit and for your good. I was absolutely certain that the relationship between my abstaining from food and drink and your health and well-being was direct, not inverse as you have now understood. Throughout all this time, I believed that I was doing you a good deed and a favor. This is what my fellow believers told me, and they assured me that the more I insisted on abstaining from food and drink throughout the day until sunset, the healthier and more well you would become, ridding yourselves of toxins, recovering from illnesses, and improving your physical health by destroying

harmful cells. Believe me, believe me, my dear members." That is what I thought, and that is why I committed this heinous act against you, which I did thinking that I was doing the right thing and that you would thank me for it, bringing you lifelong activity and well-being. Here the Supreme President laughed a mocking laugh that echoed in the courtroom, and he added mockingly, with mockery dripping from his words like raindrops from a thick cloud that had been filled with rain for a long time and had become so crowded with it that it came out and poured out of its mouth without mercy. And he says to the believing body, mockingly, laughing, and disbelievingly, "Now you say this after you've been besieged and placed behind bars. Now that you're imprisoned, you stand weeping, pleading, begging us, trying to play with us. How many times have I tried to work inside your skull, and you rejected me, even casting me far away, even fleeing from me like a healthy person flees from a leper? How many times have I begged you to have mercy on me and wipe away the rust that has covered me as a result of your distancing yourself from me out of fear and concern for your faith? It was

clear to me that to be a believer, you must be foolish, and the more you distanced yourself from thinking, the more your faith increased. How often have I begged you, pleading and weeping, yet you will not allow me to exercise my essential function of consciousness, perception, and thought. How many times have I tried to convince you that what you are doing to me and the rest of the organs—torturing, depriving, thirsting, and starving us—is an injustice to us and a hindrance to us from performing the tasks and functions for which we were created in nature? But to whom are you reciting your psalms, David? You would not listen to me in any way, shape, or form. On the contrary, you were..." You boast of my stupidity and the rust that has always surrounded me because of your distance from me. You used to tell me and the other members, with utter insolence, that your faith is more important and precious than our well-being, that we are nothing compared to your lofty spiritual goals. Let us go to hell! What matters is not our health or our usefulness as members within your faithful body, but the health and usefulness of your faith. The more it grows and the weaker we

become, the more your faith grows and swells, strengthening and expanding at our expense, the more you have done to us each year. We were falling and collapsing as your faith grew and flourished. We were withering and weakening while your faith thrived and strengthened. We were ending and perishing while your faith was living, beginning, and becoming immortal. And now you come to deceive us with these lies to justify your actions and the crimes you committed against us. Now that you are imprisoned and held captive, you resort to fabrication and patching things up to gain our sympathy and pity. You, who never listened to us and never showed us mercy, do you think we are as naive and foolish as you have become accustomed to? When the faithful body tried to respond, defending itself in a failed and corrupt plea, the Supreme Leader interrupted it in full view and hearing of the other members, who were looking at it with gloating and hatred, saying in both languages, "I know what you want to say and what you will use to defend yourself with flimsy justifications and arguments to delude yourself and us into thinking that you are not guilty and that the fault is not yours, and that

what you did to us in terms of torture and abuse had medical and health benefits, and was not torture, abuse, and weakening of us. You justify to yourself that what was imposed on you and what you ordered you to do every year to satisfy your metaphysical beliefs is logical, based on what those zealots who represent your beliefs and express them pour into your ear, and who boast day and night of their merits and virtues in order to deceive the naive fools like you, while they speak day and night of the health benefits of what you did to us in terms of abuse. So, you said to yourself..." Let me use it. This card, this winning card—or what you think it is—to get what you want and elicit our sympathy and pity, but I say it frankly, and from now on, spare yourself the trouble: this card is not winning, and your card is a losing one. Because if what you tell us is true, and if what these deceitful, patching, hypocritical apologists justify to us is true, then why have we complained? Why have we become so weak and feeble, reaching this miserable state? If your beliefs are correct and logical, and if what these people say is true, then why weren't we created in a way that works in

harmony with your abstinence from food and drink? And why, medically and scientifically, do we suffer this weakness and feebleness whenever you practice your rituals and beliefs? It would be more fitting and appropriate for us to be in the best and best condition when you begin practicing your annual rituals each year. Why weren't we designed in a way that is not affected by your practices and rituals? Why do these patching apologists, whom you listen to day and night, allow those who are sick, pregnant, or breastfeeding not to practice your rituals, while they allow every sick person or traveler to eat and drink and forgive them? This behavior is not only acceptable, but they also grant it favor, making excuses for it and giving it a spiritual and sacred dispensation to refrain from performing those annual rituals. They even allow it, if what you and they claim is true—that these rituals protect against diseases, eliminate toxins, preserve us, and do not harm us, but rather benefit and strengthen us—why have you turned a blind eye and overlooked such people? Wouldn't your rituals benefit them, eliminate harmful toxins and cells, revitalize their organs, and

improve their health and function? Why have you exempted these people from performing these rituals if they possess all these health benefits and advantages? Shouldn't the sick, pregnant women, nursing mothers, and travelers on long journeys be the first to embrace them, as they are more deserving and in greater need than others to benefit their organs and obtain all these health benefits they desperately need? Why do you allow them to refrain from performing these rituals? Isn't this an admission that they will harm them and their organs in the most severe and profound way? Haven't you asked yourself this question, or are you simply unaccustomed to thinking logically? Assessing matters, and moreover, the region and geographical area to which you belong is classified as being at the bottom of the nations and less healthy than other, more civilized and scientifically and technologically advanced peoples. If your rituals and beliefs are so beneficial to health, then why has health deteriorated in your country and geographical area? Why are diseases more widespread among you? Why are you lagging behind and not progressing scientifically, technologically, or culturally?

Then the supreme leader lowered his head in shame and embarrassment and added, with humiliation etched on his face, "The other members of these civilized nations have mocked us enough. They constantly taunt and ridicule us for being healthy and well, performing their functions actively, strongly, and happily, while we are damaged members, afflicted with dehydration, emaciation, and general weakness, no longer able to perform our tasks and functions within your faithful body. All this for the sake of your faith. Let us go to hell! The other members of these civilized nations constantly remind us that they enjoy health and well-being because they do not practice your rituals." She enjoys comfort and abundant activity because, fortunately for her, she is inside a body that is not the body of a believer like you, nor does it practice your rituals, O body that has destroyed us with your faith and made us a laughingstock to the members of other peoples' bodies, and made them mock us because they are in bodies other than your believing body. They mock us continuously until we have all been afflicted with shame and disgrace because of you. And now it is time for us to take revenge on you

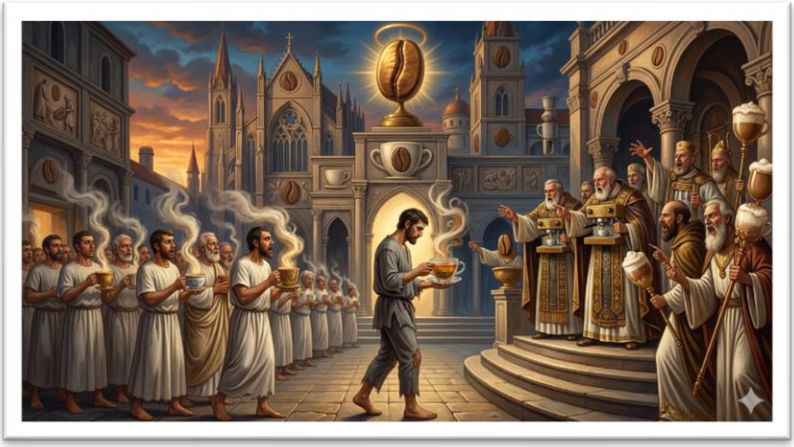
after all the troubles, shame, disgrace, abuse, and torture that you have caused us. We have always pleaded with you repeatedly, but there is no mind for those who call out. And now that you have destroyed us, we must destroy you and punish you as you did to us. All the members attacked this faithful body in a loud, powerful scream. At that moment, the faithful body tried to cry out for help, pleading and begging them, humbly and submissively, saying, “Please forgive me, give me one last chance, I will fix my mistake, please, I beg you.” But the appointed time had passed and it was too late. The faithful body screamed a scream, afflicted by the intensity of the pain and exhaustion. It screamed and screamed, in pain and pleading, but without response, until its voice fell silent forever and its breath faded to infinity. And this believing body still awaits the fulfillment of its goal and the attainment of eternal bliss and immortality in a better, infinite world. It has achieved the difficult equation of faith, depriving itself and afflicting its body, casting aside all that benefits its health and organs, and throwing all reason, awareness, thought, logic, and knowledge into the trash. How blessed it is to be a true believer who

has sacrificed everything, even himself, for the strength and growth of his faith! He has nourished his faith and destroyed his organs, strengthened his faith and weakened his health, and prioritized the health of his great, eternal faith over the health of his organs and his own. He has hated and rejected all reason, logic, knowledge, and all these enemies, considering them deadly poisons that would destroy his strong, unwavering faith. He lived his life as a believing body that never approached these true enemies that corrupt and harm faith. Therefore, this believing body remained far removed from these enemies throughout its life, living without them and completely independent of them for the sake of the strength of its faith. What a truly strong believer! And this believing body still lies shrouded. In his eternal place, far from this world, waiting for his goal to be achieved, his body lay scattered and collided in the sacred heavenly café. Over his faithful body, lying in the holy heavens, all the patrons of the heavenly café bowed down, weeping for him, sobbing and repeating, "What a pious and pure believer! The holy paradise, adorned with luxurious varieties of the finest cosmic roasted

coffee beans, awaits him to live there among the houris in eternal bliss, drinking with them the finest types of milk from which the best heavenly coffee is made. He offered a faith-based sacrifice higher than any service."

For all of humanity, and indeed, more sublime and important than science, medicine, drugs, and the treatment of incurable diseases, this venerable sheikh, with his faith, piety, and devotion, is more important than all these scientists and all the services they have provided to humanity that have changed the face of the universe and developed life through science and scientific research, which now governs most, if not all, aspects and fields of life. It is enough that, despite all this, they have lost the most important thing this faithful body possessed: they have lost strong faith, especially since it is a great spiritual goal, higher than anything else. Let all these inventions and scientific discoveries go to hell, and let the eternal, great faith remain. And the faithful body is still waiting to receive its reward and eternal bliss. But will it, I wonder, attain its desire and achieve its lofty spiritual goal?

The heretic who drank tea



In the holy city of Caffeine, there lived a man who refused to worship the sacred roasted coffee bean. He went even further, denying its sacred existence, deeming it a trick and a lie. He claimed it was poisonous and harmful, devoid of any sanctity or purity, and not a heavenly bean at all, but rather a deadly poison and a great deception. He questioned its purity and holiness. While the faithful lined up at dawn, clutching cups of sacred, heavenly coffee that held their salvation, he walked past the cafes, defiant in silence. His sin was minor in his eyes, not even a sin at all, but in the eyes of the holy, heavenly assembly, it was a grave and unforgivable

transgression: he had drunk tea! How astonishing! What a sin and slander!

The priests of espresso cursed him. The prophets of cappuccino cursed his name. "How dare he choose leaves over beans?" they cried. "Doesn't he know that enlightenment comes only through coffee?"

But the heretic smiled. He silently prepared his tea, watching the steam rise like a quiet prayer. He whispered, "Faith is not in the sacred coffee roaster but in the refreshing tea leaves. Coffee is no holier than tea, and salvation is no more powerful than the water of boiled leaves."

The believers were furious. They dragged him to the sacred roasting temple, demanding his repentance. The chief barista stood before him, holding a double espresso. He said, "Drink, and you will be saved."

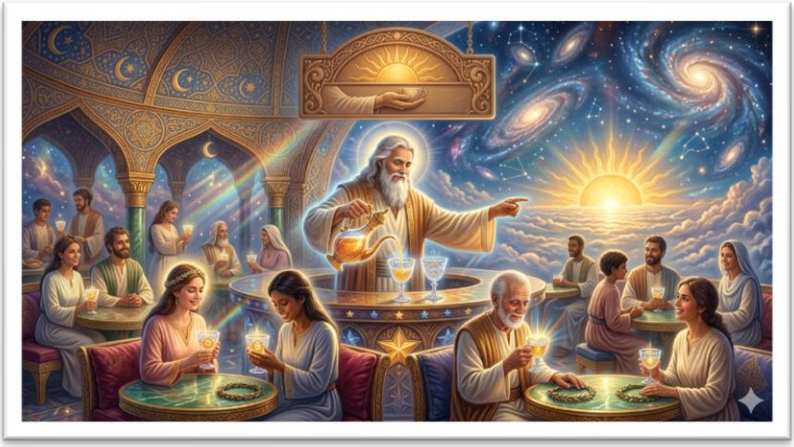
The heretic shook his head. "I will not worship your sacred grains. I will not kneel before your froth. My truth is steeped in leaves, not roasted in fire."

So, they drove him out. He wandered through deserts of doubt, carrying only his kettle and

papers. But wherever he went, people gathered, curious to taste the forbidden drink. And when they drank, they laughed—for it was warm, simple, and real.

And so, the legend spread: that one man dared to challenge the coffee empire, and in his heresy, he revealed a greater truth—that faith is but a flavor, and that salvation is in every sip. And everyone has their own truth according to their own interpretation.

The lesson is over, you idiot.



In the Heavenly School Cafe, the barista teacher announced the last drink to be served at the end of the Heavenly Year to the Heavenly School students who are faithful, devout, and diligent in increasing the strength of faith. The barista teacher announced a coffee drink. / The lesson is over.

This heavenly drink was not coffee for testing the type or examining it and measuring the quality of its beans, but rather it is the coffee of the end, poured during the day, and the customers are told: The lesson has ended and the test period has ended peacefully, now drink and rest in peace and tranquility.

The students of heavenly faith, who spent their lives in prayer and faith rituals, sat waiting for the reward at the end of the heavenly academic year. It is a year of a billion years, and today in this year is a thousand of what you count, and the academic year in the heavenly school is thousands of years that humans count in their ordinary, non-heavenly, lowly, worldly lives. Today the time of reward came and the results of the heavenly exam appeared in the heavenly faith success school. None of the believing students failed, and the more his faith increased and his fear increased, the more he ensured his success and excellence in the exam results with high grades and an excellent rating, and he became one of the top students in the divine heavenly school.

The ultimate drink, where exams and rituals become just a passing lesson, and everything ends in rivers of heavenly coffee."

At the Heavenly School Cafe, the barista teacher announced the last drink on the menu: **Coffee, the lesson is over.**

It was not coffee for testing or experimentation, but the final coffee, poured into rivers, and customers were told: *“I’ve finished the exam, the lesson is over, now drink and rest."*

The faithful, who had spent their lives in prayer and bowing, sat waiting to be rewarded.

The god spoke through the tongue of the weary teacher: *“I was just* am testing you, my dear students, both male and female believers. *I was worried all this time that no one would worship me, but now I am relieved. My heart is at peace knowing that I am indeed God. I have conducted a test for you so that I may see the results myself when the end of the heavenly academic year arrives and the results are announced. The results of the outstanding male and female students of faith who worshipped me without any thought or logical proof will appear before me. They were satisfied with the carrot I promised them and trembled with fear and dread of the stick I threatened them with all this time, and they did not care about the existence of any scientific evidence. What perfect students they*

are! Believing male and female students. What a blessing of faith, perfect faith! The more foolish and naiver the student is, the greater their faith and excellence, and the higher their success. They even become among the top students in the heavenly divine school and enter its pure and holy paradise.

I have been anxious and bewildered throughout the past earthly period, fearing that you might forget me or that the accursed whispers might tempt you and take hold of you. Therefore, I wanted to see for myself the extent of your faith and trust in my divinity and my supreme self. Therefore, I placed obstacles and temptations in your path and watched you to personally observe the results of the superior believers in me, and to know who is the pious and righteous one who did not respond to the temptations and satanic whispers, and who is the deficient one without faith who slipped into the path of sin and responded to the whispers and forgot me or denied my existence and persisted in his denial and believed in the heresy of thinking and science and used logical analysis and rationality. Therefore, he is deficient in his

faith, so my anger will descend and my wrath will descend upon him.

Question 1: The Heavenly Exam

Life is all about exams, papers and questions, prayers and fasting, tears and fear.

But in the end, the exam was just a school game, passed and tested.

Rivers of Coffee

In Paradise, there is no longer prayer or devotion, but rather heavenly coffee mixed with milk and honey, a merciful, divine gift to His foolish male and female students from among the believers who were a living example in whom the spirit of true faith was embodied. The more foolish and stupid you are, the more thoughtless and unaware you are, the more your faith, piety, and righteousness increase. And how much the great, Almighty, All-Knowing, All-Seeing, and All-Witnessing Teacher needed and thirsted to know and discover the measure of faith and its strength among His believing male and female students who excelled in the subject of

faith, which is the central subject in the heavenly school.

And here are the believing male and female students, after the final results are announced at the end of the heavenly year, drinking, eating, and consorting with the houris with sacred Viagra, while their wives from the past earthly life wait for them with the eagerness of an adorned milk cow for her husband until her turn for heavenly intimacy arrives. No grudges, no resentment, but rather a radiant, heavenly, faith-filled outpouring, while the divine teacher sits in a corner of the café distributing the houris. And if anyone asks him about the prescribed worship, prayers, and rituals, he laughs mockingly and says: *“It’s over, the lesson is over." And the test is over, there is now nothing but sacred Viagra in the company of the houris in a great divine brothel and a huge heavenly circus teeming with rivers of sacred heavenly wine and rivers of coffee mixed with milk and honey with the flavor of heavenly supreme caffeine and divine, sacred pleasure.*

Work

Heavenly Barista Company: *“Whoever wants to know the true meaning of faith, let him drink coffee at the end of the lesson. It is not worship, but a celebration, the end of the test and the end of the heavenly year, a year of billions of years that they counted in their past mortal lives.* “The guardian of eternal torment led the infidels, bound in chains and shackles, into an eternal fire, chains seventy cubits and more, dragging the tails of the disappointment of the heresies into whose trap they had fallen—their knowledge, their logic, and the heresy of thinking, analysis, and awareness. They were led to an eternal, blazing torment that would never be extinguished, yet despite this, they laughed mockingly, repeating questions with the insolence and denial of the infidels upon whose hearts the owner of the heavenly school and the heavenly café had sealed, so that they had become deaf, hollow, barren land, devoid of faith and life, and they said:

Where is the All-Powerful Knower of the unseen in this test? And what heavenly nightclub is this that you were promised?

code

Dear customers, the lesson is over.

No more prayers, no more exams.

Just rivers of coffee,

And an eternal party at the Heavenly School Cafe,

Where the teacher says to every male and female student who is a believer:

You passed the test successfully and with distinction, congratulations to you and her.

Fear or apprehension?

At the Heavenly Cafe, the god announced a new drink:

Coffee of fear, coffee of fear surpasses coffee of dread, for it has a higher flavor, a stronger mood, a higher price, and a closer place and status to the owner of the heavenly cafe.

The hot coffee of fear did not only instill terror in the souls of the believers, but it also made the eyes tear up and the hearts tremble, not out of love, conviction, or understanding, but out of fear, then fear, then fear. The most important and primary thing for every sincere believer is to fear, to tremble, and to shiver, not to love, understand, or be convinced. These hollow, superficial concepts have no place in the heavenly gardens and cafes of faith, which are only entered by every heart that has trembled, shaken, and whose being has been shaken by fear and terror. Terror is the measure of true faith, and without it there is no faith, no paradise, and no credibility.

The scientists sat in the front rows, each holding a cup of fear coffee. They were not allowed to write or think until they had drunk from this coffee of fear, for science is only

produced under pressure, under terror, under hell and divine threats and warnings. The god said, smiling a narcissistic smile: *“Scholars do not act upon their knowledge unless they are corrupted by my name. Whoever does not tremble at my name will not write, nor will they bring knowledge to light."*

The trembling scientists

One scientist tried to write a new theory, but trembled with fear, and his pen fell. Another wanted to explain a discovery, but he wept with terror, his tears mingling with his fear. A third drank the coffee of dread until his body trembled, and he wrote the greatest book of his life, but it was nothing but praise of God, devoid of science, devoid of truth.

The difference between fear and apprehension

A preacher stood in the cafe explaining the vast difference between coffee of fear and coffee of awe, saying:

The coffee of fear is weak and does not preserve God's majesty, status, and dignity among the ranks and multitudes of His

believing servants because its effect is weak and its impact on the strength of faith is slight. Fear is a natural characteristic in the fearful person, and when the fearful person sips from the coffee of fear, he will not feel anything new because fear is a pre-existing characteristic, and what the believer feels is not from its effect at all, but rather a pre-existing characteristic within him. As for the coffee of awe, it is a strength in the One feared, meaning that it plants intense terror and overwhelming panic in the heart of the believing servant until it makes him the most cowardly of cowards before God, even if he is the bravest of the brave. For a single sip of the coffee of awe has the effect of magic and power that preserves for the owner of the coffee shop, God, his supreme status, and a single drop that the believer drinks are enough to make his heart fill with faith, so that he trembles with terror and makes him weep, quiver, and shake out of awe of God. God does not want you to fear out of weakness, but rather to tremble out of His strength, to weep out of His might, to be humbled before His majesty. The mere fear that the coffee of fear provides no longer quenches the thirst of

the owner of the heavenly café, the Almighty, the One God, for the feeling of greatness, prestige, dominance, and might. Only the drink of the coffee of awe satisfies his great position, his total power, and preserves his exalted self and his sacred position.

The owner of the Heavenly Cafe sat in his place, enthroned in the grand Heavenly Cafe, with a broad smile, and said:

Scientists do not act on their knowledge unless they fear me and sip from my coffee, which terrifies them, so their faith increases. And whoever among them does not tremble before my mother will not write a letter and will not produce knowledge for the light.

The first result: slaves trembling before a being who compensates for his old flaws and shortcomings with their tears.

The complete faith-based work

God declared: *“He who does not drink coffee out of fear will not enter Paradise. He who does not tremble at my name will not be called a scholar. For knowledge is born only from*

terror, and tears are the ink with which I write your history."

The believers clapped and drank coffee in awe until they trembled.

Meanwhile, the rebellious infidels remained outside the cafe, laughing with ingratitude, absurdity, and insolence at this scene, after the cafe owner had sealed their hearts with disbelief and denial.

The trembling scientists

One of the scientists tried to write a new theory, but his hands trembled with fear and dread, so the pen fell and the scientific microscope burned out from the intensity of the fear. He cried and his faith burned with lightning arrows that pierced his heart until the arrows of faith shattered him. He left the pen and the microscope and rushed crying from the height of faith and fear.

Another scholar wanted to explain a discovery, but he sipped the coffee of fear, and he began to tremble and cry from terror, and his tears mingled with the ink. As for the third, he also drank the coffee of fear until his whole body trembled, and he wrote the

greatest book in praise of the coffee shop owner, the god-barista, but he was under the influence of the strong triple-action coffee of fear, not one or two, but three: no knowledge, no facts, only fear. Only fear.

Heavenly announcement

The Almighty, the owner of the Heavenly Cafe and the neighboring universes, declared that whoever does not drink the coffee of fear will not be considered a true and sincere believer, nor a scholar, nor someone with complete and correct knowledge. Knowledge is born only from fear, not from research, reading, and investigating facts, but from fear and awe. Tears are the ink with which I write your history as believing scholars or believing scholars. Whoever does not acknowledge this will be deprived of the Heavenly Cafe's paradise forever and will receive from me nothing but eternal torment and divine wrath.

The believers, both scholars and laypeople, all applauded and drank deeply, intoxicated by the coffee of reverence, until they trembled.

Meanwhile, the rebellious, disbelieving, and ungrateful infidels remained outside the

heavenly café, deprived of sipping the strong-flavored well of heavenly awe.

code

O scholars, drink the coffee of reverence.

Write your knowledge with your tears.

God does not want the truth.

Rather, he wants to see you tremble.

He wants to hear your crying.

He wants to drink your tears as you drink his coffee.

Heavenly Foam Guests

"The Grand Bar Owner's" Coffee

Heavenly Café

It is said that there is a café unlike any other in the sky. Its doors are made of steam rising like fading dreams, its walls of roasted coffee beans, and its ceiling of ever-renewing white foam. This place is called the "Celestial Guest House," where people are invited to be "foam

guests." But strangely, this hospitality comes at a price, payable in advance.

Andin a special corner called the "Promised Dust Corner," this unique celestial café, unlike any other, stands a massive cube with doors made of steaming foam that rises like dreams dissipating in the air. Its walls are draped in the sacred fabric of pure, roasted, holy coffee beans, and its ceiling is made of endlessly renewed white foam. This sacred cube café is called the "Celestial Guest House," the sacred cube around which the café's patrons circle, seeking the sacred foam. However, nothing is free; everything has a price. Here, payment is made in advance before entering the sacred celestial cube. It is the most expensive hospitality in history. Here, the rules are broken, barriers shattered. Here, hospitality in the traditional sense of free doesn't exist. The host isn't so generous as to receive a guest for three nights without charge. Hospitality isn't a duty performed without payment, as is customary. Here, hospitality at the celestial café is paid for. Yet, it's not a hotel where

guests pay. No, not at all. No, it is a holy heavenly hospitality. The guest remains a guest and is treated with hospitality, but it is a super hospitality, an unconventional hospitality of a different kind, in which the host derives his generosity from the money of his guests and from the huge sums they pay for the generous hospitality. Here the host takes the price of his hospitality and yet retains until the last moment the title of generous giver, and the customers are his honored and respected guests, but the hospitality here is paid for in advance.

Here, generosity is for a price, not for free. Here, everything has a price, nothing is free, and interests are mutual. You benefit from me, and I benefit from you in return. Here, only one voice is heard, pounding like drums in the ears, a voice that stands on solid ground in the land of heavenly interests. The only language prevalent in this land is the language of mutual interests (you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours). Generosity in the land of heavenly, faith-based interests is paid for in advance. Here, generosity is not the traditional generosity you know, generosity for

the sake of generosity. No, here, generosity is of a unique and rare kind, heavenly generosity, and what do you know of heavenly generosity? It is the generosity of sacred foam, generosity for a price, generosity paid for. There, the guests wore a distinct and different attire—the official uniform of the Heavenly Cube in the Sacred Café. Their attire consisted of very thin white garments, simply two separate pieces of white fabric specifically for men. They wore these garments without any other clothing underneath, and they were designed to be seamless for ease of movement and perhaps even slippage. Do not let malicious suspicions or wicked whispers deceive you into thinking that these garments are provocative, light, and arouse sexual desire or lust. Absolutely not! Do not let pride lead you astray. Rather, they are meant to comfort the guest and make him feel detached from all worldly possessions, freeing him from the burdens and sins of desires and fleeting worldly pleasures. He is meant to be light as a butterfly, even stripped of his clothes, in the presence of the Highest, the owner of the Heavenly Café, circling and circling the Sacred Cube. He is light as a bird,

so intense is his faith, devotion, and closeness to the Almighty, the Owner of the Heavenly Café and the Heavenly Cube. Therefore, the male guests' garments had to be easy to open and slip on, so that, in their profound faith, they would appear... In their gathering, like milk bubbles that quickly vanish above a giant cappuccino, or like small, light-colored coffee beans before roasting, is the color of purity and clarity. There is absolutely no problem in them being exposed to the opposite sex, the women, each wearing a white robe that wraps its whiteness around her body, its light shining with the radiance of faith. Faith increases and shines, its first spark igniting as they circle the sacred cubic coffee grinder. Around it, bodies of faith press together, glowing white, men and women clinging to one another in their transparent, unstitched, light garments, a closeness like cappuccino bubbles, tightly packed together, a bond of faith, a single body, a closeness in which they shed all worldly possessions, even the simplest and lightest of garments, a closeness made possible by a divinely ordained law. There is absolutely no impediment to the mingling or closeness of men and women, even if they

become shed from their garments. Their clothes are like a single, tightly knit prostration, for it is a heavenly, legitimate, permissible, and accessible union. Here, the owner of the celestial café and the owner of the sacred coffee mill overlooks the lapses of his esteemed, faithful customers, because the duty of hospitality compels him to overlook what they might do or feel during their sacred, cube-shaped circle of faith, as they circle their sacred seven-ring circuit around his celestial, cube-shaped mill. The generosity of hospitality requires him to overlook and ignore these lapses of faith, for they have paid him a great deal, and it is his duty to respect the hardship they endured to obtain the hospitality fee paid in advance. After all the suffering they endured to obtain the hospitality fee they willingly pay him upon their arrival, is it not his duty to overlook these lapses of faith? For the sake of faith, everything is bearable, and for the sake of the sacred circle and the seven-ring circuit, the host must overlook the lapses of his esteemed guests, for they have paid him a great deal, and he is generous, and generosity compels him to overlook and ignore that sacred, pure faith. Their clothes

were as pure and pious as cappuccino bubbles above a huge cube-shaped cup of heavenly milk coffee, and everyone dreamed of getting closer and closer, clinging together as one body ablaze with heavenly faith as they approached the “sacred cube-shaped mill” in the heart of the desert, where it was said that the “master of the great tavern” was waiting to offer them a sip of eternity.

Entrance ticket to the cup

Mansour had sold his furniture and saved the fruits of his ten years of hard work to buy a "hospitality ticket." He'd been told that the bar owner was the most generous of men, and that guests didn't pay for their coffee. But, for some mysterious reason, Mansour had to go through dozens of offices selling "certificates of approval" and "visas to the light," each one a piece of his own flesh.

Mansour asked the employee: "If the homeowner invited me, why should I pay for the road, the air, and the space to sit on his carpet?"

The employee replied coldly, sipping his coffee: "You are not paying for the coffee, my son, you are paying for the 'honor' of being invited... Besides, the real guest is the one who comes laden with gifts for the homeowner who needs nothing!"

Wearing "foam" clothing, crowds, and entry rituals

Mansour reached the outskirts of "The Mill" where the sky-blue barista was standing by the door, not smiling. He was asked to strip off his clothes and everything he owned—money, identity, even comfort and dignity—to shed all ties to the outside world. Here, inside the sacred cubic coffee grinder, stripping away all worldly possessions is a sacred duty, a testament to the strength of true faith. The more you strip away your clothes, your money, your comfort, your dignity, the more your piety, devotion, and cubic faith increase. The motto here is: "Strip yourself more, believe stronger and more fervently." The more you strip yourself, the closer you get, the more you interact, the stronger your faith becomes, and you become like coffee

grounds poured into a single, enormous cubic grinder. This is the only one, the destination of ground coffee, around which the whole world revolves. No ritual is valid for them except by turning towards this sacred destination that grinds their roasted coffee beans with their pure, faith-filled foam. Then the celestial barista completes the entrance rituals, handing each guest or customer an empty coffee cup and saying with a smile: "This is your share of hospitality, and you must fill it yourself through the crowd, through sweat, through hardship." And here the faithful guest begins He wraps his body in two thin pieces of white cloth, "to be equal to nothingness," as they told him. He stands in the crowd, under a sun that turns heads into roasted coffee beans until they burn.

The crowd was so dense that breaths mingled, and naked bodies beneath the white cloths began to press together with sweat. At that moment, Mansour felt a strange bitterness. He had thought "hospitality" meant comfort, but he found himself in a colossal human "mixer." People were pushing, falling, and being crushed like coffee beans under

each other's feet, shouting, "At your service, coffee shop owner!"

Mansour noticed that some, amidst this human "turmoil," were exploiting the close proximity and crowding to engage in sleight of hand or cast leering glances, taking advantage of the fact that everyone was "barely clothed." He reflected on how the whispers and machinations of Satan began to obstruct the fervent spark of his faith, and Satan whispered to him, "What a paradox! We came to purify our souls, yet our bodies, crammed into this crush, remind us every second of our primitiveness! Desires and lusts are stirred within our weak, diseased souls during this close proximity, but it is natural instinct. How can I resist instinct? And why, then, does the owner of the sacred coffee mill permit and welcome this? He even takes payment for his hospitality and for our sacred circumambulation around his pure, celestial, cubic mill. Doesn't he forbid this physical contact between men and women, prohibiting even glances, saying that the eye commits adultery, and its adultery is the gaze? Why then does he overlook its consequences? Is it

because it is a paid encounter?!" Then suddenly (Mansour) appeared as if he had woken up from a nap and began to ask for forgiveness while muttering (I seek refuge in the Almighty, the owner of the holy cafe, from the whispers of the despicable, accursed Shaun).

The illusion of sipping and the price of hospitality

When he finally reached the large "millstone" to touch it, he found neither coffee nor the innkeeper. He found only guards shouting at him: "Move! Don't obstruct the flow!"

Mansour looked up at the sky and asked, "Where is the sip? Where is the hospitality? I paid everything I had, endured the heat of the toaster, had my feet trampled, and almost lost my dignity in the crowd, and all this for an empty cup?"

A voice came from beside him, an old man whose face resembled the foam of a collapsing cappuccino: “My son, coffee is not in the cup, coffee is in the brain. You are now

at the peak of spiritual ‘high,’ don’t you feel euphoria?”

Mansour replied: "Yes, I feel it, but every step towards the espresso machine costs me blood, sweat, paid labor, and suffering beyond my capacity. Even worse, I've seen some die before reaching their espresso cup, before savoring the taste of the thick foam. Unfortunately, the crush over the espresso cup with its delicious, tempting bubbles swallows them up. Many suffocate from the steam emanating from the celestial, cubic grinder. Yet, the survivors smile, delighted by the paid hospitality, describing it as boundless generosity."

The old sheikh answered thoughtfully and confidently:

The foam here is not just foam; it's a symbolic, illusory experience. It covers the surface of the coffee, concealing its bitterness and deceiving guests into thinking it tastes sweet. But when they take a sip, they discover that the coffee is bitter, black, and heavy. Yet, they continue drinking, continuing to murmur: "This is hospitality, this is grace." Here I am, foam,

here I am! There is no taste but yours. The foam and the coffee are yours, and the kingdom is yours alone. There is no partner, and no taste but yours. Here I am!

To those who lack the blessing of faith and the pleasure of blind obedience, the guests appeared to be addicted to illusion, unable to admit they had been deceived. But the foam of true faith is invisible to the naked eye, tangible and uncertain. Yet, it fills the believing soul. This is true faith, and indeed, strong faith. The foam is the essence, the brain that pours upon them a subtle, invisible sensation, yet it exists—something from nothing! Just like magic, the magic of faith, which the rebellious deniers of the sanctity of this foam of faith deem an illusion. But those who believe in this foam with unwavering faith live in bliss, even amidst torment and hell. And indeed, true, strong faith! The ignorant one rejoices in his misery, or rather, the pious believer, amidst the torment and chaos, smiles and feels no pain.

The paradox

The great irony is that the guests, despite everything, smile. They return home, or die on the way, but they recount the story with pride: "We were happy, honored, and cherished; we drank heavenly coffee." No true believer sees such generous, sacred, and pure hospitality as torment, for that would mean stepping outside the luminous, sacred, and white circle of faith, as white as the robes of honored guests. Even if the coffee was bitter, the foam a delicious illusion, or rather, a profound faith, the truly strong believer prefers illusion and the ecstatic sensation of the foam, and that is enough.

And after the sacred foam ritual—a sacred seven-fold swirling and back-and-forth motion—the café abruptly closes its doors. The guests who didn't enter, or rather, who didn't pay for the service, remain outside, wondering: Were the guests inside truly guests, or merely customers in a café that drains them? Was the hospitality genuine, or just a business of foam? Was the coffee a blessing, or a boiling black curse?

Mansour shook his head bitterly. He remembered how in any simple house a guest is welcomed with cold water and comfort, while here, in the house of the "King of Kings," the guest is asked to pay, is exposed to death in the crowd, and is left to return with empty pockets and an exhausted body, only to be told in the end: "You have drunk the purest kind of illusion... Congratulations!"

Then Mansour returned to his village, and everyone called him "the great man of pleasure" while they chanted, "May your mood be blessed and your drink forgiven."

Piranha puts the sacred café on trial

In a city that is said to never sleep, a strange crime was found: a small bottle with a frightening name, Piranha Solution.

Investigators thought it involved a dangerous chemical, but the truth was bitter.

The solution did not dissolve metals, but rather dissolved minds and bodies together.

The absurd investigation

The investigator entered the laboratory wearing dark glasses, not out of fear of the solution, but out of fear of seeing the truth.

In this city, the truth is a flammable substance, and ignorance is the fire extinguisher.

The investigator asked: "What is the function of this solution?"

The chemist replied with a laugh, "It dissolves logic, leaving a person without reason, to become a happy believer, blind to everything."

And in the Heavenly Court café, where coffee is served mixed with legends, the great judge Piranha sat to set the scales of justice.

Piranhas at the Heavenly Court Cafe:

In the Heavenly Court café, where coffee is served mixed with legends, sat the great judge: the piranha solution.

It was not just a chemical substance, but a master of science, capable of dissolving corpses and turning them into carbon dioxide gas that evaporates into the air.

No flesh, no blood, no bones, no trace.

The crime is complete without a body, without a grave, without an accounting.

God behind bars

The god stood inside a cup of black coffee, behind bars of piranha steam.

His face was pale, and his eyes were searching for a corpse to hold accountable, but all the corpses had vanished.

Judge Al-Briana said:

"O God, how will you set your scales if you find no corpse? How will you open graves if no grave remains?"

So, the god lowered his head, powerless before the greatness of science.

Defense attorney

The lawyer entered wearing a cloak of coffee steam, and began his defense of the weak god:

"Your Honor, my client is not helpless, but compassionate."

He left your solution to work because he did not want to interfere with the freedom of science.

He is not weak, but tolerant, allowing people to dissolve their bodies as they please, so that he cannot be called a dictator. Everything happens by his will. And you do not move except as he wills. The audience laughed, and the sound of their laughter was like drums, filling the courtroom.

Judge Piranha used several methods to silence them. He added:

But the god you defend says and insists that there is a reckoning for the bodies in the graves, and that they will be resurrected and return to their former state. He even went further than this, asserting that he will judge the bodies inside their graves. So where are these bodies that evaporated and became carbon dioxide gas? No body, no bones, no flesh, no trace. Only air and gas. Where is the body? And where is the grave? There is neither body nor grave. So how will he perform his task? And how did he allow the solution to erase the trace of his work as a

god? Is he powerless before science? Or did science triumph over him? Or if it was by his will, as you claim, he would have made this clear from the beginning, or at least hinted at or alluded to what happened. But he never mentioned in his book or in his sayings that there are bodies that dissolve, disappear, and evaporate into the air, becoming as if they never existed, as if they never came into life at all. He even insisted that he would judge humanity through their corpses, that he would resurrect their decaying bones from within their graves, and he made generalizations. Clearly, he was ignorant of scientific advancements and the existence of the piranha solution, which shattered his certainty, dissolved his bodies, and transformed them into carbon dioxide, thus thwarting his mission of judgment and punishment. You must acknowledge that his position is weak and that he is powerless before science, which has disrupted the plan through which he exercises his authority. He neglected his duty and failed to withstand the challenge of science. The bodies have evaporated and dissolved into nothingness, leaving no trace. He stands helpless before nothingness, failing in his duty

after claiming to be all-powerful, mighty, and arrogant. Where has his supposed power and greatness gone? Where is the omnipotence he ascribes to himself? Will he punish and judge nothingness? Why did he describe himself with attributes he does not possess? And who gave him the right to claim omnipotence, to deceive the gullible who believed him, and to claim that he would judge, punish, torture, reward, desire, and escape? And now here he stands helpless before the Piranha solution and before science. He is nothing more than a charlatan who deceived us all, terrified us, and turned us into fools. He deluded us into believing that he would judge the dead, punish them, and decide their fate on a predetermined day. Now that his lies and deception have been exposed, he must be punished for his crime against those he terrorized, frightened, and made naive into believing that they would return to their former state after annihilation and nothingness. Now that the Piranha solution has exposed him and unmasked him, he must be punished for his crime against those who believed in him so naively. Deception, terrorizing others, belittling their

thinking, and turning them into foolish simpletons who scorn certainty, logic, research, and the pursuit of truth, believing instead in illusions, myths, and superstitions. It is a most heinous crime. This god has turned his believers into foolish madmen who disregard logic and science, preferring myths and metaphysics to them. Is this not a heinous crime? It has fallen, been exposed, and torn apart under the lash of the piranhas that have ripped at the body of his lies and unveiled the fangs of his atrocious crime against his believers, who have wasted their lives in his illusions and superstitions.

What is the value of a god who cannot preserve a single corpse from evaporating?

Destruction of Labaran

Judge Al-Briana raised a glass of scientific logic, saying:

"I am science, I am power, I am the one who melts corpses and turns them into air."

You, O foolish god, will not be able to judge those who have left no trace.

Where is your paradise? Where is your hell? It has evaporated with the corpses.

I am the master of the ending, and you are merely a spectator. *

Final verdict

The judge announced:

*"God is condemned to eternal impotence, because he has not fulfilled his function as a god."

As for the piranha solution, it is the new master, for it has rendered death ineffective and made judgment impossible. *

The audience applauded, drank a glass of piranha, and laughed at the god who stood behind bars, helpless before science.

In the Heavenly Court café, science became more powerful than metaphysics and mythology, and the piranha became master over the god.

But the lawyer kept shouting:

"My client is not weak, but generous, he lets you fumigate your corpses so that you may enter Paradise without reckoning!"

The judge smiled and said:

*"You praised him as a god, but you condemned him as a helpless being."

You elevate the weak to the heavens, while we crush them under the feet of science. *

Wisdom monkeys

In a celestial café floating among the clouds, where roasted coffee beans dance in the air and a fragrant aroma emanates from the coffee cup, three wise monkeys sat, representing the three cups of sacred celestial coffee roasted in a quiet cosmic fire.

The first monkey: does not see evil

The first monkey (Yawa) sat at a special table in the café. He was the originator of the whole thing, the one who started the idea, the owner of the coffee beans, and the first to roast them and increase the mafia content in a cosmic fire. The first monkey (Yawa) sipped his coffee slowly. He didn't see evil; rather, he believed that everything happening around him was part of a well-devised divine plan. "My God, how can there be evil in your world?" he wondered, as he observed the others. But deep down, he knew that he sometimes used evil as a tool to achieve his goals. If necessary, despite his warnings against evil and that no one should see it from the patrons and customers of the Heavenly Café who sat at his special table, sipping and drinking his coffee and tasting the flavor of his special

roasted coffee beans, he would advise and guide them as they contemplated the coffee cups and roasted beans and prayed before its aroma, which intoxicated them to the point of drunkenness, especially on their holy meditative day. He would warn them not to do evil or speak of it except in the case of defending their ideas roasted in his mill, only, if necessary, in defense of the universal roasted doctrine. Otherwise, he simply did not see evil, as if his eyes were closed to the truth.

The second monkey: does not hear evil.

The second monkey (Jesus the Loving), who embodied love, sat beside the first monkey but at his own separate table. He had his own customers and lovers of his special coffee, which he ground and roasted in his "Love's Mill and Roastery." He believed that the beans themselves were love, and roasting them was love. He believed that if you loved sincerely, you would attain eternal salvation. If you drank the coffee and roasted the beans with love from your heart, the monkey (Jesus the Loving) would love you. He would only listen

to the voice of Jesus, who told him, "I love you; I love you." But at the same time, he used evil to protect himself and his beliefs. "I hear the voice of love, but I need to defend myself!" he would repeat, while smiling broadly. He ignored all the evil around him, as if he were in another world. But he would warn all his customers who sat at his table on Holy Days never to listen to the voice of evil, for the voice of evil is a hateful voice that distances them from his love. Whoever loves him will never hear the voice of evil, especially not on Holy Days.

The third monkey: does not speak evil.

The third monkey (the Ring) was the most violent, fierce, and boastful of them all. He would sit in a corner he had carved out for himself, far from his two companions, claiming to be superior to both of them. He asserted that he was the most important, the most sought-after, and the most distinguished among them, that he was at the top, and the only honest one. He was constantly fighting and insulting them, always accusing them of distorting their roasted ideas and beliefs. He

told them that their coffee beans were adulterated, counterfeit, and not genuine, while his coffee was the most expensive and the most sought-after, the one every customer at the Yamazawa café desired. He had his own special clientele who would sit with him, gathered around his table, which he distinguished and decorated with colors and patterns made from genuine roasted coffee beans, as he always claimed. His clients were no less boastful and fierce than he was; they were constantly smoking cigarettes and insulting the first two monkeys' customers, claiming that they were the rightful owners of the place. The Yemisi café and its owners had the right to sit in the café, and their table was supposed to be the only large one in the Yemisi café. They were more deserving of the other two monkeys' customers because they were the only ones who offered the finest types of coffee beans and the best roasting methods. They were the honest ones, the seal of ground coffee, and they always tried to attract the customers of the other two tables to theirs, enticing them with pure, roasted coffee that improved the mood and brought peace to the heart, especially on their holy day. During

the weekly sermon, the steadfast monkey would urge them to strive for the sake of the roasted coffee law, for the sake of Yemisi coffee and the owner of the Yemisi café, and to strive under the banner of "Drink more to know, drink to forget, and taste to find peace of mind." Only by sipping the original heavenly coffee can hearts find peace, minds find tranquility, and thoughts find rest. The third monkey was silent, but deep down, thoughts of this struggle, which he considered the highest form of faith, roasted in a sacred, heavenly fire, would he always tell them Especially on the holy day, as he shouts with his sharp, loud voice, saying: "I don't speak of evil, but I use it when I need to spread my message. The roastery is an invitation to heavenly coffee beans. I never speak evil; my customers are the ones who restrain others with their tongues and hands! But he was the one inciting his customers to cigarettes, insults, and defecation, and to look down on the customers of his two colleagues, under the pretext that the sacred invitation to sit and join the customers of his holy, pure, and true table, and the proper way to drink and taste his original, pure, pious beans roasted in his

sacred cosmic fire, requires defense, jihad, and war by all means. Necessity has its rules, and jihad roasted with the flavor of sacred heavenly coffee is not terrorism, as the conspiring enemies claim, but the highest of ranks. In a loud voice, he shouts, and they rush to fight and insult, violently pushing towards the customers of the other two tables, charged with doses of faith roasted in the flames of a sacred cosmic fire, and the heavenly coffee beans stir in their brains the spark of sacred faith. And in a day and a night, the tensions between the three parties increased, and the other two monkeys had to respond to the attack." Those who were directed against them remained silent for a long time, and they silenced their customers from any reaction. But the tension reached its peak, and the quarrel between the three of them intensified. After much back and forth and consultation with their customers individually, they decided to establish a truce to discuss, consult, make decisions, condemn, denounce, and resolve the problems between the three parties to the conflict. They chose neutral ground in the middle of the sacred cosmic celestial café, and a three-dimensional

meeting was held between the three monkeys to resolve the current crisis and settle the clashes instigated by their customers, especially on their three consecutive holy days, and particularly on the third monkey's day, which was decided to be Friday. After that, the first monkey monopolized Saturday for himself and his customers, dedicating it to contemplation over a celestial coffee cup and practicing rituals of worship. Then came Sunday's turn, which the second monkey reserved for himself, claiming it was the day of the conference of love and eternal salvation, which would only be for those who loved, followed, and were loyal to him, and whose hearts were inhabited by him like the soul within the body. He said, "All they have to do is follow me, and I will bear any consequences." As for the sins he commits, I have borne the burdens and sins of the world and redeemed them with my blood and soul. I desire nothing from him but my love and following my light, nothing more.

"On the day of the Sacred Cosmic Roast Summit Monkey Conference, the three monkeys sat on a platform next to the

Celestial Coffee Grinder in the middle of the Celestial Cafe on the neutral ground they had nominated for the conference. They exchanged glances while each of them watched the other in silence and avoided talking about matters that might cause controversy and ignite further discord among them."

Holy Roast Coffee Bean Day

Each monkey sat on the platform next to the other, muttering the prayers and invocations they recited on their holy day. The first monkey muttered the Holy Toaster meditations for Saturday, but deep down he knew he was using evil to defend his beliefs. The second monkey muttered the Holy Trinity Toaster prayers for Sundays.

In his outward show of devotion, he was secretly using evil to protect himself, though he never listened to or heard the voice of evil.

As for the third monkey, he would stand and sit while raising his hand, saying “Allahu Akbar” and bowing, then prostrating himself in supplication with fear and murmuring his

prayers and supplications filled with the ecstasy of the pure, original, pious coffee beans, which are characterized by fear, trembling, and reverence. For him, this was always and forever the measure of pure, unadulterated roasted faith. The more you trembled and were terrified of the owner of the heavenly café, and the more your eyes wept out of fear of him, cowardice, and terror, the more you were among the highest and the most distinguished customers of the heavenly café, and you became the number one faithful connoisseur of the purest and finest unadulterated roasted sacred coffee beans, which the third monkey called for sipping on his holy day, which he held on Friday, not every week.

But deep down, he wished to achieve the virtue of jihad, which he considered the highest quality in roasted coffee beans of faith.

At the end of the day, after murmurings, invocations, and prayers, the three monkeys in the Heavenly Cafe, where the barista was serving them Heavenly Coffee, decided to

speak. The first monkey began to speak, smiling, and said: "Do you know?" I have realized and observed, my dear colleagues in the profession, "that we all use evil in one way or another, but we prefer to ignore it."

"Yes," replied the second monkey, "it's like caffeine in coffee, it numbs our minds and makes us see things differently."

"But," said the third monkey, "we must be honest with ourselves and speak about evil clearly and transparently. We must be frank with ourselves and realize that, like poison, it has benefits. From poison comes medicine. Do we not extract medicine from the deadly venom of the snake? Perhaps harm is beneficial, indeed necessary. I believe this view is better than ignoring it."

As they shared laughter, they realized that the true wisdom they followed, from their perspective, lay in accepting all aspects of life and its evils, which they preferred not to see and instead pretended to reject and hate, each in their own way and approach. This was the essence of their life experiences after the

long years they had lived and gone through.

The new Alijah

In a neighborhood in South America, a black man was born who was later nicknamed (Alijah). The child lived from his early childhood until he became a young man, suffering from the torments of persecution and racial discrimination against black people. White people pursued him with their looks and

words, until blackness became a curse in his eyes.

But alight did not give up. Instead, he decided to turn his inferiority complex into a religion, to make his blackness sacred, and his dark black coffee, whose taste he had always enjoyed, a symbol of purity, holiness, and the true faith.

As Elijah grew older, he was taught by a man of strange ideas, and hallucinations began to plague him. He heard voices, saw apparitions, and mistook them for revelations. Since childhood, Alijah had suffered from epilepsy (temporal lobe epilepsy), and he witnessed several episodes of recurring seizures that tore at his chest with deadly force, their whips lashing his body with convulsions. One of the most prominent of these episodes was a repentance that engulfed him, plunging him into a raging sea of convulsions. This occurred while he was tending sheep for a wealthy white man who looked down on him and treated him like a servant. Alijah endured the humiliation to provide for himself and his younger, starving siblings after their father's death. One morning, Elijah was tending the

sheep as usual when, after a while, he collapsed to the ground. He began to scream, then lost consciousness. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and he suffered violent convulsions. When he awoke from the epileptic seizure, he began to tell the young black shepherds, his fellow workers, how he had seen two men dressed in white with long wings and luminous white faces approaching him. They seized him, threw him face down, and after a while, laid him on his back and ripped open his chest.

They removed a black piece from him, telling him it was the seed of evil and hatred. Then they killed his heart and washed it in a gilded basin with rosewater, as if performing surgery. He awoke afterward, or so he thought. He persisted in his delusions, the hallucinations planted in his mind by his epileptic seizures, like any patient with his illness. He became so isolated that, as he grew older, he would sit alone in a secluded cavern, thinking as if lamenting his misfortune, cursing his dark complexion, and planning dreams while waves of recurring seizures tossed him about, plunging him into a sea of illusions and

choices where dreams mingled with reality, joy with hatred, and a dark inferiority complex with revenge and rebellion. During one seizure, he would hear sounds reverberating in the air, like drums pounding in his ears and bells clanging around him. Then angels would call to him, and an angel would speak to him, urging him to look at a scroll held by the supposed angel, saying, "Read!" He would listen, astonished and bewildered. Those voices, and one of them, spoke to him and made him feel, or rather, made him feel, that he was an exceptional person chosen by a hidden higher power and tasked with an important matter, calling people to him and rallying around him by a sacred heavenly order. Whenever he awoke from an epileptic seizure, he found sweat pouring from him while he was alone in his isolated cave, and he felt as if he had been shouting into the depths of a deep ocean. They asked intertwined voices to address him and demand of him unseen matters that they entrusted to him. At first, he began to remember what had happened to him and thought that he had been touched by an earthly demon, as all the inhabitants of his

country believed at that time. But he quickly paused and thought for a while, then exhaled a deep breath whose heat scorched his face. Then he turned to his side and found his favorite way that always took him to the isolated cave. Then he took his coffee cup and began to pour it, watching it flow like a stream of sea foam from the mouth of the pot. Then he embraced his coffee and took two sips calmly and thoughtfully, and began to think: What if the damned white man knew that he had been possessed by an earthly demon? Or he might contract a hidden illness that would surely force him out of the job that was the only source of income for his mother and younger siblings. And what if his fellow shepherds or the young men he spent his nights with, laughing about white people and their bullying of Black people like themselves, knew? They would surely mock him, ridicule him, and gloat over him. Wasn't the complex about his Blackness, which had plagued him in his country since childhood, enough? Would they taunt him about his illness or the lower demon that possessed him? He began to think as he sipped his favorite black coffee slowly, contemplating its dark color and its

blackness that resembled his own. His mind was intoxicated by the blackness of the coffee, and he drifted into a metaphysical world, as if it were one of his usual episodes. After much deliberation, he emerged with a firm resolve, as dark as the coffee he savored. He decided to take revenge on every white person he encountered, but in his own way. He resolved to forge a place for himself that would surpass all whiteness, and that his blackness would become a symbol of chastity, sacred purity, and a mark of refinement and high standing. Let whiteness fall and sink to the depths of a filthy, fetid swamp, while the sacred blackness of coffee and its roasted black beans ascend to the level of purity, sanctity, elevation, and high status. He emerged from his sanctuary having declared himself a prophet. Why shouldn't he, when others had allowed themselves to do so? They had created a status for themselves from nothing, so why shouldn't he do the same? Perhaps, after all the suffering and racism he had endured at the hands of white people, he was the most deserving of avenging himself and elevating his own status. He would not be merely a prophet, but

the final prophet, and all who opposed him were false. He called himself Elijah the Black American.

Or the Black American.

He then founded a group he called "The High Black Community," establishing religious teachings, beliefs, and rituals specific to it. However, this was not the religion commonly known to people, but a new version—a black version, a version roasted like coffee. It was a version that elevated blackness, making it pure and pristine, a symbol of chastity, purity, piety, and the Qadisiya (a pre-Islamic era), while simultaneously denigrating, belittling, and despising everything white. It was the religion of blackness, or the religion of the chaste black people, as the Lega called it.

Black Jia rituals

Elijah's religion was simple:

Black people are holy, and white people are dirty.

- Women are subservient to men, as in ancient religions, but here the service is doubled because she is "black coffee".

The prayer is similar to a regular prayer.

But the kiss is not for the familiar face, but for a black coffee cup placed in the middle of the square, as a symbol of the sanctity, chastity, and sophistication of black and its superiority over white.

- The pilgrimage will be to the Al-Jia Cafe where pilgrims drink black coffee until they become intoxicated by its blackness.

Elijah used to say to his followers:

"The blackness of coffee is the light of faith, and the whiteness of milk is an infidel heresy, a disgusting defilement."

Drink black coffee, for it is inspiration, and it is the path to paradise. *

The climax: The proclamation of prophecy

On a momentous day, his followers gathered around him, and he raised a cup of black coffee and said:

"Revelation came down to me, and told me that I am the last prophet and the seal of the prophets and messengers, and no one else.

Any prophet other than me who claims this is a liar and is nothing but an ordinary messenger, not the seal of the prophets like me (the Black Elijah). The true seal of the prophets is the prophet of the blacks, the prophet of coffee."

The followers clapped and drank their coffee until they were satisfied, while the white people stood mockingly, saying:

"What kind of prophet is this who derives his inspiration from roasted coffee beans?"

But the Ajia did not care, for he saw in every sip of coffee evidence of his prophethood, and in every black cup proof of his holiness.

Thus, Al-Jia became a prophet in the eyes of his followers; his religion was based on blackness, his coffee was revelation, and its blackness was light.

As for the white people, they remained outside the cafe, viewed as infidels, deprived of heavenly black coffee.

O humans, do not seek the truth,

A prophet is not someone who receives revelation.

Rather, it is those who drink black coffee and make it a religion.

As for you, white people, remain thirsty.

So, you have no coffee, no prophet, no salvation, and that's how the coffee of the Jia became.

Black coffee – the drink of alleged prophecy, where the blackness of the coffee turns into revelation, and the cup becomes a pulpit for announcing the new religion.

The magician

He slowly raised the cup to his lips as he gazed at the vast space around him. Then he sipped his cardamom-infused coffee, his eyes wandering around the cup as he sucked on the coffee grounds, as if searching among the remnants for the ground coffee beans. His mood improved by his usual coffee, and Sheikh Sahrawi sighed as he watched the workers of the Heavenly Café lay out the

carpets, preparing and polishing his enormous wooden chair. From this chair, he would deliver his venerable sermons in the mosque specially prepared for him in the largest space of the Heavenly Café. The owner of the Heavenly Café, the Master of the Universe, had dedicated this space to Sheikh Sahrawi, who was originally one of...

The old popular neighborhoods and the holy heavenly spiritual café had been a visitor for several years and was one of its favorite customers, especially since he was a learned scholar and jurist in the principles of roasting coffee beans, preparing them, the principles of drinking them and the steps of sipping them. He was even an expert in the arts of patching damaged and adulterated coffee, and in mixing coffee beans with bread roasted in a cosmic fire and spiritual materials similar to the taste of coffee, which he would mix skillfully with these ingredients to give the unique taste of coffee. It was impossible for any of the customers of the heavenly café to discover the secret of Sheikh (Sahrawi)’s wondrous mixture, which the customers of the heavenly café were certain was made from

pure original coffee beans, neither adulterated nor mixed, with no equal in its purity and clarity, and no equal in its quality, as all types and beans of coffee were not ground except after Sheikh Sahrawi himself tested them and supervised their grinding and roasting. Mixing it with other similar ingredients, in a sacred and spiritual atmosphere, the art of beautification, blending, and elevated mood begins. Sheikh Sahrawi then sews for his esteemed, faithful coffee shop customers a robe made of ground coffee beans, after adjusting, refining, and mending it. It drapes gently and relaxedly, covering the head of the faithful customer. Sheikh Sahrawi was accustomed to always sitting on his large chair, surrounded by a large gathering of the pure, faithful customers of the heavenly café, who raise their voices in takbir: "Allahu Akbar!" (God is Greatest!), as if they were at a sacred wedding, a heavenly celebration. During his sermon of faith-based reflections, Sheikh Sahrawi would sway from side to side, seated in his chair, as if trying to balance reality and imagination, wearing his robe made of pure, celestial coffee beans, their roasted brown color a testament to his efforts.

He strives to blend piety, religiosity, and politics, and to reconcile what is said with what is done. So that the circle may be completed and the two hemispheres of the sphere may meet, and the famous duo, he and his faithful followers, are the first party, and the second party is the owner of the celestial café and the esteemed celestial government and members of parliament. That sacred partnership between the two poles and the meeting of the clouds, what a sacred partnership.

A sacred, heavenly partnership. Sheikh Sahrawi continued his weekly sermons and his faith-based reflections on the preserved Arabic Book, in which there is no doubt, a guidance for the pious believers, drinkers of the sacred coffee, and connoisseurs of Sheikh Sahrawi’s coffee beans, ground by his own blessed hands. If a verse proved difficult for the faithful customers, and they wondered at the verses of the pure Book filled with non-Arabic words, despite it being Arabic, Sheikh Sahrawi was able, despite this, to convince them, simplify matters for them, and unravel the complexities before them with his genius,

fluency, and profound understanding, which their own comprehension could not reach, leaving their thinking crippled, helpless, and bound.

And if someone happens to doubt a vague meaning or a grave mistake, even if it is a mistake that is so clear and grave as to block out the sun, Sheikh Sahrawi will rush forth like a strong lion that has come out of its den, roaring and swaying to every side and direction, explaining, clarifying, and analyzing with all the ease, simplicity, and spontaneity that dazzles the honorable gentlemen of the customers of the Heavenly Cafe, the righteous and pious believers, so that they shout without their awareness in a loud voice, repeating (God is great; God is great).

He blocked every path through which the fierce winds of doubt might blow, weakening and emaciating their noble and pure faith. Whenever the meanings of the verses became obscured, he illuminated their hidden light until the darkness and fog of doubt, suspicion, and the heresy of logic vanished from their minds, which were intoxicated by the taste of coffee. Each time Sheikh Sahrawi

took a sip from his cup and then explained a verse to them, swaying and staggering in his wooden chair, drunk with the heavenly, faith-filled ecstasy of the coffee, they responded to his spiritual insights with successive sips, their cups clinking together in a sacred chant of sips as they cried out, "God is great! God is great!" until they finished their sacred coffee, imbued with the fragrance of heavenly faith, and left feeling the ecstasy of faith, even if they hadn't fully grasped the Sheikh's words. Sahrawi interpreted, analyzed, perfumed, beautified, and mixed everything with a convincing blend of heavenly certainty. The ecstasy of heavenly faith coffee was enough for them, and it was enough that they said, grew, and became enthusiastic about their venerable sheikh. They left with their faith increased, their status rose with the owner of the heavenly coffee shop, and they were intoxicated by the taste of his coffee and blessed by touching Sheikh Sahrawi’s cloak, feeling the coffee beans that adorned it and shone above it. Even if one day they were to hear the words of a rebellious, deviant, and unbelieving man who denied the existence of the Heavenly Café and its owner, who

rejected the spiritual ecstasy of the coffee, mocked the sweetness of heavenly faith, and was devoid of the taste of caffeine because he was a victim of thought, awareness, doubt, and heresy, what he said, falsely claiming that the venerable Sheikh, under the mask of virtue that had so often intoxicated the café's faithful patrons, hid another face—that of a deviant man who loved every beardless boy or handsome, radiant-faced youth, and every woman he took as a lover or wife, satisfying his desires whenever and wherever he pleased. Yet, at the same time, he was in love with the ecstasy of his heavenly coffee, which intoxicated the minds of the Heavenly Café's faithful patrons. But, as the faithful patrons of the Heavenly Café affirmed, this rebellious unbeliever's words were all false claims and pure delusion, even if he brought evidence, certainty, or proof. For every piece of evidence falls away, and every certainty crumbles before the ecstasy of the Heavenly Coffee, the majesty and awe of the Heavenly Spiritual Café, and the greatness of its All-Knowing, All-Wise, and All-Powerful Owner. And may the heavenly ecstasy of coffee, the

sweetness of its taste, and the brilliance of its roasted beans remain forever.

Coffee of the pious

In the dark corner of the "Sacred Celestial Café," they always sat with hunched backs, trembling, tears streaming down their faces like a torrent of shivering and trembling, cascading like a sea over their pale, quivering faces, withered by fear and dried by dread like an autumn leaf fallen from a withered, ancient tree. At their table stood the waiter assigned to them, Sheikh Read, to serve them the "Coffee of the Trembling," a drink specially prepared for them from coffee beans roasted over the fire of dread. They were the distinguished and important customers, the ones meant to hear every celestial discourse in the sacred café. Their eyes were always

wandering, watching for apparitions’ unseen by others. They sipped their "black" coffee slowly, but it was no ordinary coffee; it was a mixture of "awe" and "waiting."

And if the caller calls from behind the curtain **you who are righteous..."**Their bodies shuddered at hearing this word, whose sound thundered like drums penetrating their ears. The word here does not mean sublimity or high status as much as it means "protection" from the wrath of an unseen master. They are the fearful, the trembling ones who have made "fear" their identity, and "trembling" a badge of honor, gleaming like a sharp sword blade, hanging proudly above their chests. Their trembling is a sign of their superiority and their bowing before the majesty of the café owner. The pallor and withering of their faces, veiled by dread, is proof of their distinction. Their terror is the ticket to his kingdom, the wide gate of salvation that opens before them, allowing them to enter safely, trembling and terrified. The owner of the universes and the celestial café welcomes them, and they become close, concerned with every heavenly directive, guidance, or address from him. The

motto here is: tremble more, gain more; tremble more, draw closer to mercy; weep more and bow more, and your status with the café owner will rise even higher. But to rise higher and higher and higher, you must tremble, cower, and bow in fear, cowardice, and terror of him, the Exalted. His motto is: "The more you tremble, the higher you rise." The offer is ongoing and open until further notice: tremble more, gain more. With discounts, reductions, and more overlooking, cowardice is the master of the situation here, and it is not weakness as the ignorant and narrow-minded think. Rather, cowardice here is a badge of honor, a proof of faith, a distinctive mark, and a registered trademark of the commodity of sacred faith. Be a coward and you will be important and concerned with every speech. Be trembling and you will have a distinguished position in a distinguished corner inside the heavenly café. The mercy, love, and broad-mindedness of the owner of the universes and the wise, merciful heavenly café are what make you, O believer, tremble, shake, and cry from the intensity of the panic. You are amazed by his tenderness, his mercy, and his wisdom. Therefore, you chose to be a

coward. And cowardice here is an honor and a sign of high status. Cowardice here is a motive for nobility to get closer to the Merciful, Compassionate, Wise One who humbled himself and descended from his loftiness and opened for you the door of his mercy when he heard your sobbing and the whispers of your crying and was moved by the sound of your trembling whenever you sipped from your cup of heavenly faith coffee roasted with a trembling hand and was moved by the sound of your moaning crying, so he immediately opened for you the door of his mercy and forgiveness and seated you near him in his highest place. What great compassion and excessive generosity!

Holy Hymn of Praise:

At the next table, someone's coffee cup fell and broke, the hot liquid splattering onto his burning hand. Instead of a scream, a hoarse sigh escaped his lips: **“Praise be to Him. Perhaps it is for the best!"**. It is praise, nay, a continuous offering, an eternal hymn, an everlasting chant. No matter what good or evil befalls them, no matter how great the harm or

how high the misery, the chant of praise continues to echo throughout the celestial café with the poignant melody of eternity that pierces the hearts and souls of the faithful patrons of the celestial café, gathered around the table of the trembling ones in the dimly lit corner of the unseen. They chant the eternal melody of the celestial chant of praise, even if an earthquake falls upon their heads or illness or need tears them apart. You will find them gathered at the table of the trembling ones in the corner of the unseen, chanting and singing, "Praise be to Him, praise be to Him." Then they sip from their coffee cups with trembling hands and tears of awe clearly visible on their trembling features and withered faces as they chant. The ignorant might think them happy, singing with so much chanting and devotion, but they chant even in pain, they praise even as they hunger, or are sick, or even die. An eternal chant that never fades or ends, a chant of awe. And fearing to gain favor and be pleased with the owner of the heavenly cafe, so that he may allow them a larger balance of discounts and reductions, so that their status with him may rise and their importance may increase, and he may bring

them closer to him. What a humble, compassionate, big-hearted, and compassionate man he is, whose mercy encompasses all things! And what a great sacrifice he is, as he opens his door wide and offers a balance of discounts and reductions to every trembling coward. Cowardice is an honor and a high status.

"Sing, O diligent servant," and tremble and be humbled, and your status and rank will rise, and your fame will spread in the heavenly world of believers, and you will become the one meant in the call and between the lines of every holy heavenly address.

The magic recipe of praise:

If you are afflicted with illness, say it is a mercy. If a calamity befalls you, say it is a test and proof of supreme love. If your wealth is taken, say: "It averted a hidden affliction that was greater and more terrible." Recite the hymn of praise and follow the precise measurements of the magical recipe, and you will be among the trembling, honorable, and faithful. Thank the hand that struck you before, and lick the feet of the majestic, the

one of glory and honor, and you will be in the highest place. You will have the right to attain the honor of sitting at the table of the trembling in the distinguished corner, the dark corner of the unseen. Then you will recite with them the eternal hymn of praise.

Golden tips for dealing with tremors:

Firstly:

If any fire, earthquake, murder, slaughter, or theft occurs, you must immediately recite the hymn of praise. For the more destruction there is around you, know, O trembling believer, that it is a signal to begin and an order from the Heavenly Cafe to play the eternal hymn of praise.

secondly:

If you or one of your children falls into a very deep, open sewage drain that was forgotten or neglected by a negligent worker or a corrupt, dishonest, and dishonest official, know that this is nothing but a signal to begin reciting the hymn, and that its sacred, magical time has come. You must realize that the holy

musicians of heaven wish to play the tune of the eternal hymn of praise, and you must be perceptive and understand the meaning of the signal and immediately begin to recite it to delight their ears and the ears of the owner of the heavenly café, may His glory be exalted, with your melodious, faithful voice as you recite (Praise and thanks be to Him in every situation and under any circumstance).

Third:

If you see cosmic destruction befalling the universe and nature around you, do not search for the logical reason, do not complain, and do not exhaust yourself by taking strenuous practical measures that may not yield results. Rather, repeat the magical hymn and say, “Praise be to Him in adversity before prosperity.” It is a hymn that delights the owner of the heavenly café, may His glory be exalted. And you, as a trembling believer, must realize that He wants to hear the hymn from you so that He may be enthroned and His ears may be delighted by your melodious, faithful, and sweet voice, the voice of the trembling, sweet ones.

Fourth:

If someone commits the follies of serial killers, such as murder, slaughter, and torture of people, or if one of the rogue criminals rapes your daughter, your lover, your sister, your relative, your wife, or even another woman you feel sorry for, do not worry about these worldly matters. They are a trial and a fleeting life. Do not worry, grieve, or complain. All you have to do is repeat the magical hymn that echoes in the vast space of faith. And thus, you have applied golden advice that will raise you to the highest position, the position of the trembling cowards. The closest position to the owner of the cafe is the position of the trembling ones. And if you, O trembling believer, apply the golden advice and ignore and belittle every calamity or destruction that has befallen you and the universe around you, and you only repeat the eternal hymn of praise, then you will see wonders, and your status will rise, and the closed doors will be opened for you at the owner of the heavenly cafe. And let everyone go like a grasping wind, and let the world with all that is in it go to a place of no return. The important thing is the

eternal golden hymn of praise that will raise you to the highest position and make you concerned with every call and the most important speech. And then you have the right to receive the honor of sitting at the table of the trembling believing gentlemen to receive favor and prestigious position inside the holy heavenly cafe.

And you must realize that pain is the only acceptable offering. Drink to the bitter coffee of faith, and whenever you feel the "bitterness" of the calamity, let aloe vera ooze under your tongue and tear at your heartstrings as you repeat the eternal hymn of praise. You will be on the guaranteed path to the favor of the Lord, the owner of the heavenly café, who dwells behind the clouds of the unseen, without proof, without trace, except for this trembling of faith. And with these trembling counsels, you will be a true believer, a sincere praise, sitting with pride, bearing on your chest the badge and medal of cowardice and trembling, by which your status is elevated. You will sit at the table of the trembling, cowardly, believing masters and enjoy the prestigious position like them, and

you will open all the closed gates of heaven whenever you kneel in fear and trembling before a might you have not seen and will not see, nor has any being seen.

Holy Viagra

In the Nightclub of the Fortunate, a group of fortunate, blessed believers sat—a moment of good fortune that can never be replaced. Among them sat Sheikh Antra, lost in thought, twirling his mustache. He stroked his long beard, which spread across his chest like a carpet of thick, curly black hair, as he listened to the sermon of Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded. Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded lived up to his name; he was powerfully built, broad-

shouldered, and imposing. His muscles bulged with every arm movement as he spoke, like the veins of an angry man. And so, Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded, the very intense one, began to describe the houris to the eager, yearning believers. They were not ordinary customers, but rather the faithful patrons of the "Houris Corner" in the Nightclub of the Fortunate. Not every believer had the right to frequent the club; one had to be a member, possess a male membership card, and have strong physical attributes and desires, but these desires were divinely ordained, a sacred, heavenly gift bestowed upon them by the owner of the celestial café as the greatest and most important present. And the sheikh, Shaded, began to elaborate at length on the description of the beautiful, graceful women served by their lovely attendants, and how each one of them offered herself as a gift to him, following the example of his noble prophet, to whom women, out of their intense devotion and faith, would rush to receive the honor of being intimate with him, as if they were a heavenly, merciful gift, requiring no paperwork or official contracts. And so, the sheikh Shaded continued to

explain to them how their prophet was their role model, and that if they followed his path, and walked in his footsteps in religion, worship, supplication, and the rituals of devotion amidst the pure foam of cappuccino, and in calling to Islam and engaging in jihad—the highest level of faith—they would attain the rank of martyr. And what do you know of the rank of a martyr of heavenly foam in the eyes of the owner of the heavenly café? It is wine and women for a martyr who is none other than a martyr of love, passion, and divine, heavenly pleasure. This even made the mouths of Sheikh Antra, who was keen on frequenting the Nightclub of the Blessed, water. He was among its distinguished and sought-after customers, a warrior in all matters of worship, roasted with the taste of caffeine, in everything necessary and pertaining to religious matters, so that he might attain the honor of this position and be among the most important patrons of the Nightclub of the Blessed. He did not fall short in any act of worship or heavenly ritual, in the manner and principles of drinking roasted coffee beans and the sacred, heavenly rituals of roasting them, and in all the rituals and

customs in all their forms, hoping to gain a generous share and fortune from the owner of the holy café, so that he might be blessed with some of the beautiful houris, each of whom dwells in a chamber built of gold, silver, and coral in a garden of immeasurable length. Nor did he display it, but rather displayed the heavens and the earth, filled with what no eye has seen, no ear has heard, and no human mind has conceived: trees, palm trees, grapevines, young boys, food, drink, rivers of wine of a heavenly brand—holy wine, undefiled and without sin—and rivers of honey and milk, and the flesh of birds, whatever they desire. All this and more, the venerable Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded elaborated and digressed in his explanation, description, embellishment, and analysis, until the faithful were seized by a collective spiritual fervor that made them yearn and race towards death as they strived and fought to please the owner of the heavenly café, supplicating to him and drawing near to him with every deed he loves and approves of, so that each of them might receive his share and reward of the beautiful maidens of Paradise. Suddenly, Sheikh Antra almost cried out from the intensity of his holy

fervor and spiritual desire as he listened to Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded describing the state of each faithful customer of the club of the eager and happy, as he satisfied his desire with seventy beautiful maidens, one for each of them. A nymph fulfills all his desires and grants him his pure, sacred lusts as a reward from the owner of the heavenly café, for his devotion to him, his obedience and loyalty, his consistent preparation and distribution of heavenly coffee to the café's patrons, and his roasting of the purest coffee beans over the fire of faith and holy struggle. Thus, he was destined to receive the medal of pure lust and revel in the seas of his sacred desires in the presence of the beautiful nymphs. Indeed, each one of them has seventy beautiful nymphs with him, spending every moment in desire and pleasure. Each time he deflowers one, she returns like a wrapped commodity within an ornate gift; each time he opens it, it closes again, allowing him to enjoy unveiling his beautiful present and reveling again and again, endlessly, with this beautiful nymph, then that one, and another, and another. He continues and continues and continues, delving deeper and

deeper, immersing himself with them in the seas and rivers of sacred heavenly wine and rivers of honey and milk, in eternal, heavenly, sacred pleasure.

Main resource:

The owner of the Heavenly Café would supply beautiful virgins to the eager, yearning believers. These were young, full-breasted women of equal age, carefully selected for their prominent breasts, kohl-rimmed eyes, long hair, and delicate, translucent, silky-smooth, and alluring complexions. He would offer them as a reward to every faithful customer who performed the rituals of devotion and worship as they should be, striving, struggling, even killing and shedding blood in this cause. The owner of the Heavenly Café stipulated that, in order to offer these seventy beautiful virgins to each faithful customer of the club of the eager, yearning believers—that spiritual marketplace—one must be skilled in the rituals of preparing Heavenly Coffee and the proper methods of roasting the sacred beans over a fire of reverence and trembling. Furthermore, each customer must perform the Heavenly Coffee

rituals five times a day and night, adding their own embellishments and striving to please the owner of the Heavenly Café, supplicating him out of fear and greed for his tempting reward, especially those who diligently performed the rituals of circumambulating the millstone. The enormous, cube-shaped coffee pot. At every opportunity and time, in addition to jihad and the shedding of the blood of every heretic who denies the existence, greatness, and power of the owner of the Heavenly Coffeehouse, the more the eager believer asks for blood in the cause of the owner of the coffeehouse, the greater his reward of houris, and the greater his bliss and enjoyment of them and their nearness in an eternal, continuous pleasure that never ends, nor does the pleasure ever fade. The owner of the Heavenly Coffeehouse allocates to each eager believer a chamber made of marble and golden stones, its walls of pearl and coral, so that the lovers may spend all their time in pleasure and delight, with no worship or rituals. Only the pleasure of the reward and eternal bliss. Suddenly, Sheikh Antra rose with his booming voice, his fervor intensifying, shouting to the assembled audience at Sheikh Abdul Qani Shadd’s

sermon, saying: "Rise up for jihad, O believers! Rise up to exalt the word of the All-Powerful, the owner of the Heavenly Coffeehouse, Glory be to Him, the Great, the Majestic!" Rise up, and let not pride led you to sin. Be zealous for your religion and its rituals, and let no blame deter you. All the attendees, customers gathered in the corner of the Sacred Café, stirred. Sheikh Abdul Qani Shaded was no less eager, yearning, and fervent, pure, and holy faith. They all rushed out into the heavenly paths surrounding the Sacred Café, chanting "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" Images of beautiful women continued to appear, dancing and swaying before them with artistic grace and alluring charm. They continued to shout and cry out enthusiastically, chanting "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Come to Jihad!"

Double dose messengers

"The Messengers of the Double Dose – Twelve Heavenly Baristas, whose mission is to awaken humans with a potion that is half forgiveness and half punishment."

In the Heavenly Court café, twelve baristas appeared, calling themselves the Messengers of the Double Potion.

Their mission was not just to make coffee, but to awaken humans from their eternal slumber, just as coffee awakens heavy eyes.

Each messenger carries a double cup: half of it is forgiveness, and half of it is punishment.

Whoever drinks it wakes up, but does not know whether he woke up to heaven or to hell.

The believers rejoiced in the messengers, for they began to awaken them every morning with a heavenly dose.

As for the disbelievers, they refused to drink, so they remained asleep in the hell of reality, with no coffee to wake them up and no messenger to visit them.

The god announced from atop the coffee stand:

*"These are my messengers, their mission is to pour the double dose into your mouths,

Whoever drinks it will enter Paradise, and whoever refuses it will remain in eternal sleep.
*

But the apostles knew a secret that was not revealed:

Coffee makes no distinction between believer and non-believer; it awakens everyone without exception.

However, they continued distributing the doses, because the whole world needed coffee, even if it was a double dose.

Over time, people began to boast about their doses:

- Whoever drinks the dose of forgiveness claims that he is among the people of Paradise.

- And whoever drank the dose of punishment said that he was among the people of Hell, but he was happy because he woke up.

- As for those who refused the dose, they remained asleep, viewed as living dead, without coffee, without a destiny.

O humans, do not seek the truth, for life is neither wakefulness nor sleep, but a double dose.

Drink the coffee of the messengers, and wake up for Paradise or Hell, the important thing is that you woke up.

As for you infidels, remain asleep, without a dose, without coffee, without salvation.

Finished / Manal Khalil

Witness

In the heavenly coffee city, where the sound rises five times a day from the rooftops, the sound of the trumpet echoed in every corner of the sacred café, so that the heavenly city and its houses could hear it, and the cappuccino foam recorded from it, frothing like sea foam in a booming voice, and it called out in a voice like thunder as it roared, like Kaide

in his lair, and with sincerity and confidence, it boldly repeated:

"Come to the sip of prosperity... Come to the sip of success, and come to the prayer of the sacred foam..." I bear witness that coffee is greater than heavenly coffee, and I bear witness that its owner is greater than any other entity, and I bear witness that the roasted coffee beans are fresh, and that the messenger of the foam is the messenger of the sacred heavenly coffee. Come to the sip of prosperity, come to the sip of success. The coffee cup is bigger, the coffee cup is bigger. There is no coffee but the coffee of the sacred heavenly café. And after this pure call, which tears at the heartstrings and makes the mouth water with heavenly foam, and the noses are intoxicated by the aroma of roasted coffee beans whose captivating fragrance emanates from the resounding voice five times a day and night.

Men and women receive the call as if it were a heavenly revelation. They rise from their seats, dusting their faces, hands, and even elbows with the fragrant roasted coffee grounds, inhaling the aroma. This is done

after the coffee has been ground in the celestial mill, and then they repeat the call of the sacred coffee foam five times a day. They call it the call of the awakening beans, the sacred cosmic roaster. Then they stand before the altar of the enormous, sacred coffee cup and raise their voices in a single testimony, repeating it twice with complete faith and reverence:

"I bear witness that there is no coffee but heavenly, and I bear witness that the messenger of the coffee bean is its messenger to hearts." Even the patrons of the Heavenly Café have never seen this sacred messenger, sent by the café owner to the mill with the heavenly coffee beans. They chant his name daily, yet they have never seen the Heavenly Café owner, despite being long-time patrons. Whenever one of them asks the waiter, he replies that the owner is hidden, exalted, and concealed in a place known only to Him. For His majesty and glory accompany and own the Heavenly Café and the Heavenly Dead prevent Him from appearing, and it is difficult for them to see Him because their human nature cannot bear to behold Him.

Perhaps He is ugly, repulsive, or frightening. No one knows, or perhaps His beauty is the work of an artist. Therefore, He fears that His servants, the loyal patrons of the Heavenly Café, will be distracted by His beauty and majesty and forget to worship Him, supplicate to Him, submit to Him, be generous, and bow down. They have also never seen the messenger of the sacred roasted bean, but they have heard of him. The ancient patrons of the Heavenly Café, dating back fourteen hundred years, have witnessed it. Although they possess no tangible or conclusive proof of seeing or the existence of the Heavenly Café's owner or his messenger, the possessor of the roasted and valuable cosmic bean, they are required to repeat the daily call five times a day and night, acknowledging what they have not seen. Because they are believers, and with complete certainty, they are convinced of the existence of the owner and possessor of the Heavenly Café and of the existence of the messenger of the roasted celestial bean. They are the ones who resolve this, trusting wholeheartedly in their faith and seeing. In the blindness of faith, there is a light in the heart and a penetrating insight that

those with superficial, naked eyes cannot perceive. These are the ones devoid of insight; they have not surrendered their hearts. Nor did they heed this daily sacred call, thus depriving themselves of the grace and joy of heavenly faith, the light of heart, and the insight that makes a witness a true and effective witness in the heavenly court of faith, even without having seen anything (a witness who saw nothing). Yet, the judge and advisors attest to the integrity and credibility of this witness who did not witness anything. Indeed, the more they delve into faith, immerse themselves in the light of insight, and are stripped of superficial sight, the more they become a truly faithful witness whose testimony is accepted with due merit, according to the laws of the heavenly court of faith. For the witness who believes with insight and testifies in the hall of the heavenly court of faith five times a day is not like any witness who sees with mere superficial sight, not with insight.

Therefore, the patrons of the Heavenly Café—the faithful slaves and the believing slaves with insight, not sight—walked according to

the same laws of the pure and holy Heavenly Court of Faith, and they too became witnesses… to what they had seen! How wondrous was their penetrating insight of faith! That insight which made them, with complete confidence

They bear witness to a taste they have yet to experience, to a secret yet to be revealed. They bear witness to a mystery they have not seen with their own eyes, yet they smile the smiles of the contented, as if the witnessing itself, not the heavenly coffee, were the source of certainty. And with every sip they take from the supreme cup, the sacred cup of heavenly coffee, they do so five times a day, with every call to prayer, they cheer and chant, "Come to the sip of success! Come to the prayer of the sacred foam! Come to the sip of faithful success!" Truly, they are faithful servants!

And the elders would say in their gatherings, in voices trembling with reverence:

"Whoever enters the religion of Heavenly Coffee does so by reciting the two testimonies of faith and bearing witness to what no eye

has seen. With this condition of faith, the believer will not be a true believer, nor will he deserve the honor of bearing witness to faith in the holy Heavenly Court of Faith, which used to impose a death sentence by hanging on every believing servant who died before uttering them. Such a person would be stripped of the honor of membership in the Heavenly Club of Believers, and stripped of the mantle of virtue and insight. He would die condemned, having been expelled from the holy community of faith, and a criminal against himself and against the Heavenly Cosmic Coffee."

Therefore, the regular customers of the sturdy cafe were very careful

In the moment of death, any dying person from their group, from the café's patrons, even the disobedient and sinful among them, when their throats are dry and their tongues become heavy like roasted coffee beans, they come to the dying person running with a fervent devotion, then they approach him in his final state, whispering to him in his ear the whispers of faithful witnesses.

Say: I bear witness… I bear witness…

If he said it, he would die happy, his heavenly cup would be washed with roses, and he would be buried in the sacred coffee cemetery.

And if he acted foolishly and stubbornly, claiming that he hadn't seen what they were ordered to repeat, then resentment and curses would befall him. He would leave, condemned and cursed, expelled from the sacred celestial realm, and the wrath of the café owner and the celestial realm would befall him, and he would be stripped of his badge of religious honor.

How can he refuse to acknowledge seeing what he hasn't seen?! How can he refuse to bear witness to the unseen, which no one has witnessed? What a foolish pretender! He doesn't realize that insight and knowledge of the unseen are the foundation of truthful testimony, the solemn oath, and the knowledge gained in the holy heavenly court of faith.

This heretic, this rebellious renegade, would always come and sit in a corner of the café to

mock its devout and respected patrons. Then he would watch the white foam rise like a false cloud above the black surface, concealing the true bitterness. He would sip it slowly, a smile playing on his lips, behind which lay a sharp, mocking expression understood only by those who knew that sometimes, faith is nothing more than an elegant veneer for what cannot be seen.

And whenever one of the hesitant, faithful customers asked him the daily call in astonishment, “I see you are also a witness!!! Beware of the heretic, the infidel!!!!”

The heretic, the rebel, answered calmly, his smile bitter like black coffee, and an air of coldness and indifference shone through him, saying:

"I bear witness... that foam is beautiful, and bitterness is honest."

Then he pours what remains in the cup onto the ground, and the earth absorbs it without bearing witness to anything but nothingness.

Chameleon coffee... and the physics of the gray zone

In the middle of "Sticky Metaphors Street" stood the porter's corner. The owner of the café, Master "Mysterious," boasted that he offered a drink specially prepared for the patrons of this corner, which they then made a prescribed drink and a sacred religious duty for all the patrons of the heavenly café. It was called..."**Grey Coffee** “This drink is amazing; if someone drinks it in winter, they say it is

"hot as hell," and if they drink it in summer, they say it is "cold as ice." And if you ask about its taste, they tell you: "It is versatile, suitable for all tastes and all eras!"

1. The "Sacred Mystery" Mixture

The master craftsman, "Hamid," was reading from "The Great Book of Coffee" (a book full of stains and erased words), and shouting to his customers: "Look at the miracle! The book says (Alif Lam Mime, Kaf Ha Ya Ain Sad, Ha Mime Ain Sin Qaaf) ... Isn't this a linguistic miracle?"

“Read” (the rebel) asked him: “Master, these are just disconnected letters that don’t mean anything, it’s like putting coffee grounds in and saying it’s a work of art!”

The master craftsman, with a haughty look, replied, "This is the miracle! The fact that you don't understand it proves it's beyond your comprehension! The blackness here isn't a color, but rather 'white light' disguised as

darkness!" Perhaps you will reflect. O people of understanding, this makes you ponder, reflect, and contemplate your thoughts to emerge. Light emerges from the depths of darkness, shrouded in mystery, to create an atmosphere of excitement and questioning.

But it is a book, or a message, for all - people, as you and other faithful patrons of the heavenly café claim. According to your narrative, it should be clear, straightforward, and uncomplicated, making it easy for everyone to understand and act upon its commands and prohibitions.

With looks of disdain, exasperation, and - a sigh of impatience: You are still a naive, ignorant fool who doesn't grasp the depth of meanings, the wisdom of nuance, the subtlety of twists and turns,

and the grandeur of convoluted ambiguity. There are those who understand, explain, and analyze for a naive, superficial fool like you, clarifying meanings for him. This is where the excitement, the enlightenment, and the attention are drawn. And everyone is facilitated for what he was created for.

2. Contradictions of the "Heavenly Thermometer"

One of the loyal "interpreters" entered the cafe, carrying a magnifying glass. He opened the book to a page that talked about the creation of the world.

The commentator said in astonishment: "Look! Here it says that the cafe was built in two days, on another page it says in six days, and on a third page it says in eight days!"

The interpreter laughed and began stirring the gray coffee:

Gentlemen, a day at the café owner's is like a thousand years in your reckoning, and sometimes like fifty thousand years! It's all relative... Haven't you heard of 'Einstein'? The café owner discovered relativity centuries before Einstein, but he put it in the form of a 'riddle' for our amusement!

3. Verses of "The Chameleon"

The book contained verses that changed according to the "mood" of the cafe owner.

In the morning, people read: "There is no compulsion in drinking coffee," and they feel free.

In the evening, the mysterious master turns the page and a verse appears: "And kill them wherever you find them... those who do not drink our coffee!"

Read asked sarcastically, "Hey, boss, how do we reconcile 'no compulsion' with 'kill them'?"

The master replied, pouring milk over the coffee to dilute the color: "This is a neutral color, my son! 'No compulsion' came down

and the master was weak, and 'Kill them' came down and the master had muscles and militias. The book evolves with the stock exchange and the market, it is a 'dynamic' book!"

4. The awkwardness of the final "cup"

Read picked up the book and began to read in the sarcastic style of “Abdul Nour”: “What is this boring repetition? And why these weak sentences that do not lead to meaning? (And those who line up in ranks, and those who drive away with driving away) ... Are we in a cafe or in a sheep pen? Why explain the obscure with what is obscure than it?”

The commentator exclaimed: "This is 'easy yet difficult'! The repetition is to fix the 'flavor' in the minds of the cows... I mean the customers!"

5. The end of "neutral color"

At the height of the argument, Read stood up and poured a glass of "clear water" over the gray coffee-colored book. Suddenly, the colors began to fade, and the glossy letters fell off like powder. A cheap drawing of an old woman's face was visible on the page.

Read said: "Look... when you place reason and science above this mystery, the 'miracle' melts away, leaving only the 'crudeness' of history and the contradictions of a writer who changed his mind with every prize or woman! Your book is two-faced because it has no real face; your neutral-colored region is merely 'dust' in which you hide your ignorance." But alas. A renegade, a wicked, infidel, a fool, and a reckless person like this Read cannot shake a single hair on the heart of the tranquil believer, the customer of gray coffee, that magical, mysterious, and exciting drink. He will not be affected by the trivial, foolish words of this accursed rebel who thinks that his

disbelief will change or move even an iota of the firmness of the believer's strong faith. And he who sips the gray coffee drink will not hear, see, or understand anything except what his heart, overflowing with faith in the gray coffee drink, dictates to him, with the sweetness of its color, its formation, its excitement, its mystery, and that heavenly wisdom which only a believer whose heart and body are filled with the mysterious gray coffee drink can comprehend.

6 - Their hearts and their hearing and their sight are sealed, preventing them from understanding it.

Read brazenly and stubbornly slammed the café door behind him, declaring, "Real coffee is clear, black as coal or white as light, while your 'neutral, colored coffee' is the color of a chameleon that fears confrontation."

All the devout customers in the corner of "The Multifaceted Bearer" looked at him askance, with disgust and pity for this heretic who rejected the heavenly gray coffee and considered himself above the wisdom of change, twisting, and transformation. He called the ambiguity, in his ignorance and foolishness, "crudeness." The master coffee shop owner, the "Master," was far above what they described. The customers of the corner of "Sacred Heavenly Change" were deeply saddened by the wretched state of this rebellious infidel, the superficiality of his thinking, and what his fate would be. They continued sipping their heavenly gray coffee, sighing and repeating in astonishment, "What an ignorant, heretical infidel!"

Cosmic Coffee Market

Dear customers, welcome to the biggest, grandest, most legendary celestial show the likes of which the heavens and the cosmos have never seen.

Drink the coffee of discretion, and accumulate a reserve of forgiveness.

Paradise is not for the knowledgeable, but for the loyal customers.

As for you infidels, pay the full price.

No offers for you, no discounts, and no coffee to cover you.

At the beginning of the world, there was no scales of justice, but there was a heavenly café that sold forgiveness in the form of coffee cups.

The god sat behind a wooden table, distributing special offers to his loyal customers:

*"Drink the coffee of concealment, and get an extra credit of forgiveness."

Your sins are automatically forgiven, as long as you remain my regular customers. *

The faithful lined up in long queues, carrying cards of heavenly allegiance,

Every sip of coffee gives them extra points, and every mistake they make is deducted from their balance and then renewed.

As for the infidels, they stood outside the cafe, looking on with regret.

They have no card, no discounts, and no coffee to cover them.

They had to pay the full price, even if their sins were less.

Offers announcement

On a memorable day, a huge banner was hung on the door of the cafe:

Heavenly Revelations: Sins without reckoning, forgiveness without limits.

Drink the coffee of modesty, and enter Paradise with your loyalty card. *

The believers laughed, for religion had become a business, and justice a seasonal spectacle.

Meanwhile, the disbelievers kept wondering:

"Is justice for sale? Is forgiveness a commodity?"

But the answer was clear: in the Heavenly Coffee Market, everything is priced.

Thus, religion is no longer a scale, but has become a marketplace.

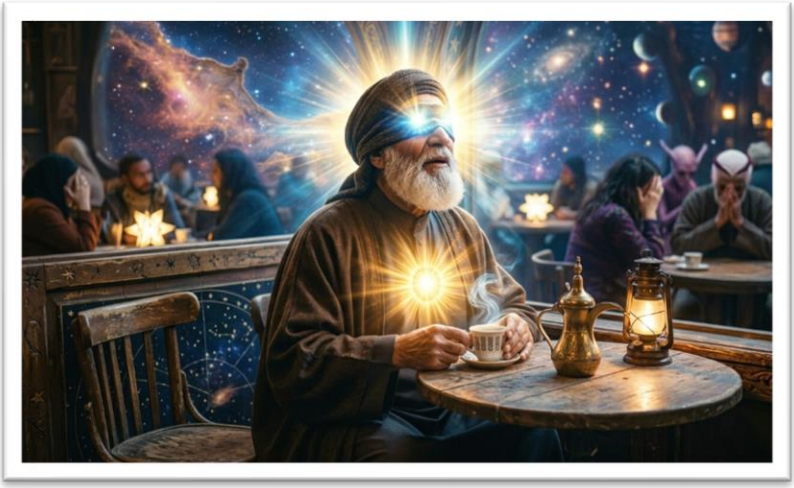
Justice is no longer a principle, but has become a particular adversary of believers.

As for the infidels, they remained outside the market, burning in the hell of truth without a card of heavenly loyalty.

Finished / Manal Khalil

The name of the short story collection will be (Heavenly Coffee).

Holy Blindness Coffee



In the Heavenly Coffee Kingdom, the deity declared sight a heresy, and blindness the true light. Whoever seeks truth must embrace blindness, and whoever desires to live and remain in the Heavenly Kingdom must adhere to the principle of blindness. Whoever desires

the pleasure of God and the owner of the Heavenly Coffee House, and the highest degrees of bliss, will attain some of this unless they become blind or feign blindness. The darker their eyes become, the brighter their light will grow, and they will take the sun of faith in their heart. They will no longer need that absurd heresy called "sight," for the true believer is blind to all evil except the God of the Heavenly Kingdom and the owner of the Heavenly Coffee House; nothing distracts them from Him. As for this heretic with sight, he is not only great or little in faith, but his accursed sight has led him even further. The people are afflicted by this, for sight has turned them into disbelievers, wandering through alleys, neighborhoods, streets, and places, seeing this, contemplating that, distracted by everything around them,

forgetting the Heavenly Kingdom and its rituals. What distraction and depravity! And what is even more insidious is that this merciful, satanic innovation of sight makes him think, analyze, and question everything he sees. Herein lies the true danger, the breeding ground for microbes and the source of satanic viruses and germs emanating from every mind that thinks, perceives, or is aware of what it has attempted and upon which the logical satanic afflictions have descended from every direction. They reach, or rather, descend upon, the pure, pristine, blind body of faith, intensifying its deadly stabs and penetrating arrows that pierce the heart and chest of the sole believer, destroying, weakening, and absorbing it little by little, like a vampire, until it weakens and becomes visible, howling, fallen dead in a sea of humiliation and the germs of

thought, analysis, and logic caused by sight. Do you see, my beloved believers, why I warn you against this merciful innovation, this malicious game? It threatens your survival and the encounter with your pure faith, which is the core of my relationship with you and with it. It is to Him that you draw near, through Him that you strive and worship, and through His luminous presence that you will be considered to Paradise and its eternal bliss. Therefore. I declare before you that blindness is light, a ray of paradise and eternal bliss. It is the light and the only lifeline for you, fearful and trembling believers, you who fear Me and worship Me in devotion. Know that blindness is your only lifeline, and its darkness is the most prevalent light, the brightest and most radiant. It is your only guide and your only salvation. As for the vice of sight, its light is a

darkness that blinds the hearts of believers, drowning them in the darkness of disbelief, greed, and frivolity. It opens minds to the hell of thoughts and thinking that destroys the sacred heavenly faith. The world of the true believer, strong in faith, must be a world without sight. The more accustomed he becomes to this, the more secure and stable his faith will be, guaranteeing him eternal life in everlasting bliss and ensuring his continued existence in his heavenly realm of faith. Whoever desires salvation should abandon the superstition and heresy of sight that threatens your existence, O righteous, pious, and sincere believers, O patrons of the sacred, blessed, and pure heavenly café.

Faith-based coffee drink

The celestial waiter stepped forward, head held high in the pride of faith, after Malik and

Mike, the king of the celestial café, had finished their announcement. He began distributing cups of dark black coffee to all the faithful customers, so they could sip the light of blindness, drop by drop, to be blessed by the light of spiritual blindness! They would plunge into the depths of its celestial sea of faith, becoming filled with light, their faith shining brightly! Each faithful customer of the celestial café took their cup and sipped it in a merciful, faithful tranquility, drawing from the luminous seas of blindness and increasing in faith, submitting wholeheartedly and completely to every matter of faith beyond question. The spiritual herald then called out to them, by a heavenly command from the owner of the sacred kingdom of blindness and the celestial café, repeating the command to them:

Know, O believers, that whoever desires Paradise must close his eyes tightly and drink his coffee to the last sip.

Because the more foolish he was, the higher he climbed in the ranks of bliss.

As for those with open eyes, they are considered to be blind.

They are tormented by seeing the truth, and deprived of the happiness of the great illusion of faith. What happiness and what bliss!!!

Coffee weather

The believers sat in circles around coffee cups, closing their eyes and chanting: "O God, increase our blindness and increase our stupidity so that we may ascend to the highest levels of bliss."

Then every believer would first perform ablution with black coffee, and then drink it as if it were holy water.

Every sip of coffee is considered a step towards blessed blindness, and the darker the cup, the brighter the light of faith!

Coffee is not just a drink; it is a means of salvation that closes the eyes and opens the gates of heaven.

And who dares to drink it, he who is the truly sighted believer, who sees nothing but faith and is blind to all innovation, superstition, evil, and frivolity besides it? And whoever abstains from the ritual of black coffee, or from drinking it, will be cursed in this world and the next, for he has not understood that happiness lies in spiritual darkness, the darkness of luminous faith. For every time you close your eyes, you

close a door of evil that opens wide, unleashing a tempest of raging thoughts, doubt, analysis, and logic. Heresy and disbelief destroy and crush pure, noble, innocent, blind faith, killing its roots deep within and uprooting it with a raging storm of thought, analysis, and the innovations of logical reasoning, proofs, research, and science—all misleading innovations and heretical disbelief that lead every blind believer to the path of destruction, to heavenly wrath, eternal hell, and exclusion from the heavenly café, whose doors will inevitably be closed in the face of every sighted person who brazenly opens his eyes, and consequently his consciousness and thinking, and then denies existence and engages in satanic rebellion.

Blindness Court

In the great coffeehouse, the blind judge sits on a throne of empty cups.

Those with open eyes are prosecuted for "optical heresy".

The crime of looking at the truth is greater than theft and murder, because it reveals what should not be revealed.

Fair judgment:

Whoever opens their eyes is imprisoned in the "Library of Truth," where they are tortured by reading books and seeing reality.

The blind judge declares that the crime of looking at the truth is greater than theft and murder, for it exposes what should not be exposed: heresy, blasphemy, debauchery, innovations, and superstitions that act like deadly germs, destroying the pure, white, heavenly body of faith, like an innocent child

threatened by its mother in her warm embrace, only to be confronted by a criminal—a murderous, bloodthirsty scholar with open eyes, seeing all, who attacks the child with his poisoned dagger, intensifying his treacherous, fatal blows until he is drenched in his pure, innocent, and pristine blood.

Thus, science becomes a punishment, knowledge becomes hell, while ignorance becomes paradise.

Mask of Happiness

The strong and wise believer is the one who chooses blindness and thanks it to his equal, thus becoming a model of the ideal believer, who prefers to live in the darkness of the light of faith rather than see the disturbing, rude, boastful, open-eyed lights of sight with all heresy, disbelief, and wicked, sinful tyranny.

Paradise of Fools:

Heaven is not for the knowledgeable, but for the fools who have never seen anything.

The darker the believer's vision, the purer and more radiant his heart, the seat of action and faith. Conversely, the darker his eyes become, the more his vision and awareness fade, the brighter the sun of his true faith shines, illuminating the dark, heavenly path of faith for him, and the higher he ascends in the levels of Paradise and its eternal bliss.

Honorable Council

The foolish, believing gentlemen sat. The signatories were in the highest, most prestigious position befitting the majesty of their faith and the greatness of the luminous blindness that emanated from their faces as they sat on thrones of coffee cups, laughing

for no reason, and praised because they had never questioned any truth other than their blind certainty of their heavenly faith, and neither buying nor selling nor trade nor superstition had inspired them to forget the mention of the heavenly King, the owner of the holy coffeehouse, and to draw near and supplicate to him.

As for the knowledgeable, the seeing, the working, the thinking, the logical, the heretics, they are expelled from Paradise because they dared to open their eyes, and because they did not appreciate the blessing of blindness.

Paradise is a reward for blindness, and torment is a punishment for sight.

O sighted ones, you are victims of the heresy of the eyes.

But we, the blind, have seen the light in our darkness.

We drank the pure coffee of blindness until we were quenched with the high-ranking stupidity of faith, and we attained the sublime honor of heavenly madness, pure, noble, innocent of all deficiency or flaw.

So, we entered Paradise laughing, while you burn in the hell of reality.

believer

His name was Believer, and he truly lived up to his name. A simple-minded man, yet deeply devoted, he worked as a night watchman in the Museum of Empty Rooms. His job was to guard nothingness, and yet he performed it with dignified pride, convinced that the unseen presence of God filled every corner.

His neighbors admired his unwavering faith. He would pray before locking the doors, pray before unlocking them, and pray again when

nothing happened. If a thief broke in, he said it was a test of faith. If the thief escaped, he declared it divine wisdom. If he was caught, he exclaimed that God had intervened. Every outcome was proof of God's providence, even when the evidence pointed to the contrary.

His colleagues mocked his rituals. He would polish empty display cases, whispering blessings over the dust. He would bow to shadows, convinced they were angels. He would refuse to eat lunch without thanking God for inventing bread, without questioning why God had also invented hunger.

The irony was stark. This believer's faith wasn't in reality but in illusion. He worshipped absence, cherished silence, and praised neglect as mercy. When a child in his neighborhood died of fever, he said it was God's mysterious plan. When another

survived a car accident, he declared it a miraculous act of God's providence. He couldn't see the contradiction; faith was his shield against critical thinking.

The greatest pride of a believer was his notebook, in which he recorded the daily miracles: “The sun rose today—proof of God’s mercy.” “My shoes didn’t break—proof of God’s protection.” “I sneezed three times—proof of God’s humor.” Each line was a patch on the garment of devotion, stitched with frivolity and blind faith.

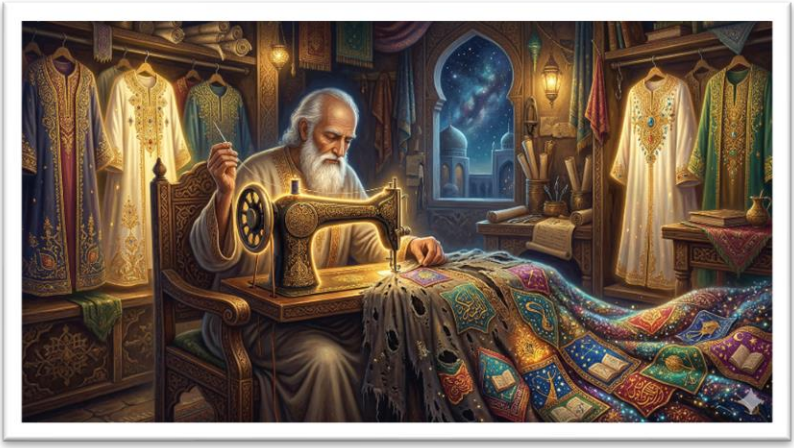
Philosophers debated whether the believer was a fool or a prophet. Some said he embodied the essence of faith: absolute, unquestionable, and immune to reason. Others saw him as a living mockery of devotion. But the believer himself remained content. He smiled at the chaos of the world,

convinced that every tragedy was a divine joke, and every coincidence a divine plan.

In the end, Mu'min achieved his goal: he became the ideal servant to an absent master. His life was a hymn to emptiness, a prayer to silence, a comedy of devotion. Thus, people admired him, not for his wisdom, but for his ability to transform ignorance into holiness.

He was a believer, proving that faith needs no proof, only surrender. He was the night's guardian of nothingness, zealously guarding illusions and joyfully bowing to shadows. His name was Believer, and truly… he believed.

Diligence



In the corner dedicated to sewing and mending all kinds of garments of faith—luxurious, simple, even worn—lay in the shadows the great workshop of wisdom belonging to the venerable Heavenly Café. There, the tailor, Abdul-Azim the Patchworked, sat proudly in his chair. Abdul-Azim, a man of great faith, sat before piles of sacred, pure garments of faith, elevated above all imperfection, defect, or linguistic or

scientific error, as they should be. Before him lay an old, worn-out robe, riddled with holes that betrayed its fragility. But Abdul-Azim's great faith refused to let it lie, tormenting him until his conscience, awakened by the voice of sacred faith, called to him with the sharp pricks of the long, stiff needle, like a stake driven deep into the large sewing machine in his shop. Driven by a noble impulse of faith, he rushed to it, clutching the garment. With needle and thread, he begins his noble and critical task of mending the garment with pieces of brightly colored scientific fabric, dyeing them in a way that closely matches the color of the garment of faith, imbued with a pious and devout religious hue. Or, with a piece or pieces of similar fabric dyed with the same faith-based formula, made from eloquent linguistic or profound historical fabric,

the depths of which are beyond the grasp of superficial, shallow minds. Reflect, O people of understanding! Each garment, according to the requirements of the patch or the sewing and mending of the entire garment, will, by the power of the Almighty, have all the holes disappear, and the garment will become bright and dazzling, captivating hearts and eyes, returning as if it were brand new. Woe, woe to him who claims it is a square garment, for he is a heretic, a deviant, a wicked pretender to great understanding, a superficial thinker who clashes with the great garment with science, history, or language, without deep understanding or awareness of the principles of horizon, pistachio, arrangement, sewing, mending holes, filling hollow spaces, and blocking every path for every unjust pretender who feigns knowledge and understanding

without grasping the profound wisdom and noble purpose. He deludes himself into thinking that the garment of faith is riddled with holes, revealing what lies beneath. But alas, had he mastered the art of tailoring and sewing, he would have refrained from uttering such nonsense. This is merely a flaw, a cover for his failure to master the art of weaving, tailoring, refining, and pruning the heavenly flowers of faith. Only then, after trimming, refining, arranging, and arranging, can the garment of faith appear as it should, occupying its esteemed place, displayed with pride and dignity in the hallowed halls of science, history, and language. This garment needs a piece of scientific fabric to enhance its splendor and brilliance with a captivating, certain, and scientific appearance, adorned with the jewels of microscopic scientific

research terminology that further enhance the garment of faith's splendor and beauty. And every foolish, ignorant tongue that clashes with the sacred garment without understanding, using a piece of scientific cloth, thinking it will not match it, is silenced and dies in its own rage. So, die in your rage! This is another piece of historical cloth, inlaid with pearls of history and its hidden, true events, which highlight the garment's beauty and give it the majesty of the past, a glimpse through the dust of absurd time that clings to the sacred garment, so that it appears in the most beautiful and truthful images of history. And this other piece is a literary and linguistic one that makes the sacred garment an artistic masterpiece studded with gilded pearls and embroidered with linguistic verses and eloquent grammatical words, which only those

with knowledge, sound judgment, and linguistic depth can understand and grasp. Thus, the pure, faith-based appearance of the garment is revealed through a poetic, satirical linguistic appearance, and with all pride, Abdul-Azim Al-Marquita says, repeating his famous chant: "We patched it into an Arab garment so that you might understand." The absence of the great faith of Abdul-Azim is deeply felt, and the immense effort he exerts in weaving, arranging, coordinating, and mending the gaps in his sacred garments is truly remarkable! It is a task that demands patience, strength, and focus. His absence is a blessing, and congratulations to him for his noble and magnificent work, for he will surely attain the highest ranks and spiritual stations with the owner of the celestial café, for he has paved the way for all the gaps. With his

generous hands, he has sewn together all the holes into the most beautiful and refined threads of strong faith, threads that are impervious to tearing. He has thus concealed the faults of the café owner and blocked the path leading to all gaps, obstacles, shortcomings, and flaws. The absence of the favor and spiritual standing attained by this great man of faith (Abdul-Azim) is a profound loss. Abdul-Azim used to stitch atoms with verses, galaxies with parables, and DNA with creed. From his hands emerges the most exquisite garment of faith, adorned with the jewels of agate and emerald, a sacred, heavenly presence that highlights the majesty, awe, and splendor of faith, embellished and embroidered with the finest and most precious coffee beans, roasted celestially over a gentle, cosmic fire. He is the most skilled and

dedicated tailor, a master of the most important craft and a fundamental pillar in all the essential sacred corners within the Heavenly Cafe.

His reputation as a devout tailor spread throughout the holy heavenly city. Newspapers praised him then and now as a genius, a man who united heaven and the laboratory. His followers applauded every stitch, convinced that the garment now shone with eternal truth. They proclaimed that no hole was too large to mend, no tear too deep to sew. But one day, a new heresy arose from some unbelieving, faithless heretics, envious of the believers and resentful of Abdul-Azim's success in polishing, arranging, and mending the sacred garments of faith. They began to spread their poisonous lies, sowing doubt and distorting the beauty of the sacred garment by

claiming that it remained fragile, twisted, and uneven no matter how much it was straightened, its patches futile. The more he stitched, the more ridiculous the garment appeared—a patch of contradictions disguised as revelation. This is what they kept repeating. They try to spread it among the believers who are customers of the Heavenly Cafe to turn them away from their faith and to plant doubts under the pretext that this is science, logic, or the truth that they imagine, and they spread this among the believers who dress up in modern looks of the noble, holy, shining garments of faith, and they try to distort the beauty of the garments with the sleight of a professional thief and the skill of a hardened criminal, as if they were putting poison in honey.

The skilled tailor, Sheikh Abdul-Azim al-Marquita, a man of great faith, stood in their way. He declared that, thanks to his mastery of the science and principles of weaving and the art of mending holes, he could prove God's existence through physics, confirm miracles through chemistry, and substantiate religious texts through biology. He claimed that the Big Bang was mentioned in the verses, that embryology was hidden within them, and that quantum mechanics whispered the name of metaphysical faith. His audience continued to nod in admiration, never noticing that the garment was unraveling faster than it was being sewn.

In schools, his teachings are celebrated. Students are told that science and faith are twins, born of the same truth. They memorize equations alongside prayers, convinced that

the laboratory is merely an extension of the temple. Professors of "applied theology" explain black holes as symbols of sin, and biologists interpret DNA as a divine line. And the garment grew heavier with patches, each one sewn with solemn pride.

But outside the workshop, every successful person has an enemy, and the enemies of success—those who cling to superficial beliefs—continued to repeat their pronouncements and spread their lies. Their hatred was everywhere, and they shook their heads. They saw the garment for what it was: a costume of deception, a poorly patched garment that couldn't withstand scrutiny. They laughed at the absurdity of sewing galaxies with parables and atoms with dogma. But the believers remained enchanted, captivated by the magic of faith, preferring it’s comforting,

jasmine-like glow and its soothing effect on their minds to the pain of truth.

The tailor himself smiles proudly. “I have proven that faith and science are one,” he says, holding the garment up before everyone. The crowd cheers, even though the garment hangs strangely, its threads almost unraveling, its patches mismatched.

The tailor achieves his goal: he convinces the flock that the holes are not holes but secrets, and that the patches are not patches but miracles. The garment, despite its absurdity, becomes a symbol of devotion. And so, the people wear it with pride, unaware that they are adorned not with truth, but with a patch of contradictions sewn by a hand that has mastered the art of craftsmanship so that the light of faith shines in the hearts, eyes, and minds of the believers, so that they see in the

garment nothing but elegance and a captivating display of faith.

Finished / Manal Khalil

"Coffee of the blind: extra sugar in the waterwheel"

In a far corner of the "Cosmic Cafe," Abdel Sammie sat with great dignity, wearing a thick bandage over his eyes, holding a completely empty coffee cup, but sipping from it with

relish and shaking his head, saying: "Oh God... how beautiful the taste of this heavenly coffee is!"

Abdel-Sammie completely believed the café catalog that told him his cup was filled with the finest coffee beans, even though he had never seen them and had only ever tasted the air. He went through life like an ox on a German waterwheel, going round and round with his eyes closed, convinced he was plowing the land of paradise, while in reality he was grinding away at nothing.

Suddenly, at the moment of the "check" (final account), he felt a hand patting his shoulder with a loud voice saying: "Surprise!"

The cover was removed from his eyes, and his sight today was "iron". Suddenly, instead of the smell of coffee, he found himself in front

of creatures with strange wings, and shapes that he had never imagined, and a god smiling at him, saying: "Didn't I tell you that I am here? Look... here are the angels, and here is the truth!"

Abdel-Sammie stood there, amazed, but he quickly felt wronged. He looked at the deity and said sarcastically, "Owner of the café... now you appear? Now my eyesight is sharp? Why did you insist I drink coffee online without seeing the cup?" The voice replied, "This is the test, Abdel-Sammie... to walk like a blind man and believe that I exist behind the curtain!"

Abdel Sammie laughed a bitter laugh that shook the corners of the cafe and said: "What is the wisdom in making me a bull in the waterwheel of life, blindfolded, hearing the

chatter of customers but not seeing their faces? If you were able to make me, see now with this clarity (4K), why did you leave me all my life stumbling in chairs and burning my fingers with a fire I cannot see? Were you afraid that if my sight was (partial) in this world I would spoil your enjoyment of the surprise?"

Abdel-Sammie looked around and saw thousands of believers still sipping emptiness with their eyes covered, so he shouted at them: "People, the coffee is fake!" But his voice was lost in the crowd of the waterwheel, because the "cover" had not yet been removed from them.

The situation ended with Abdel Sammie looking at Basra “Al-Hadid” and lamenting: “Oh, my joy at Basra Al-Hadid… after the

coffee was finished, and the cafe closed its doors.”

Surprise and shock

‹Then the "café owner" lifted the cover from Abdel Sammie’s eyes with a resounding shout of "Surprise!" Abdel Sammie did not prostrate himself out of awe, but stood rubbing his eyes like someone who had woken up from a long nightmare amidst the noisy lights of a "disco".

Abdel-Sammie looked around and saw winged creatures with thousands of feathers, chairs of pure gold, and walls studded with rubies, but instead of being impressed, he turned to the "Supreme Self" and said with deadly coldness:

"Your Excellency, Director... Is this the truth you've been hiding from me? Honestly... the

decor is a bit exaggerated, and your taste in lighting is (Over)!"

The booming voice stammered: "Aren't you amazed? Haven't you seen your eyesight has become like iron?"

Abdel-Sammie laughed with biting sarcasm:

"Iron? Oh, my joy! My eyesight has become (iron) after my mind rusted from turning so much in the waterwheel! You used to force me to drink (the illusion of coffee) while I felt around the walls, stumbling over poverty, disease, and wars, and you would whisper in my ear: (Be patient... the coffee is coming!). Now, after the kitchen has been closed and the party is over, you grant me the sight of Zarqa al-Yamam? What will I see now? Will I watch a (replay) of my miserable life film while I stumble in the dark?"

Then Abdul Sammie approached one of the angels standing motionless, tried to touch his wing, then turned his back, saying:

"Why were you playing cosmic hide-and-seek with us, sir? Was the budget for physical evidence in this world so weak? If you had given me just 5% of that (iron) vision while I was there, I would have saved you and me a lot of trouble. I would have seen the hole before I fell into it, and I would have seen the microbe before it killed my son, and I would have disobeyed you consciously... or obeyed you out of conviction, instead of this blind obedience that resembles the obedience of an expired (robot) in my house!"

Silence fell over the cosmic café, so Abdel Sammie continued with an even stronger sting:

"The principle is very strange... You ask me to be (blind) in order to prove to me that you are (seeing)? Did you need my ignorance in order to show off your knowledge? You made us bulls circling around an old (text), while life was passing by us like a fast train that we did not catch because we were busy adjusting the (blindfold) over our eyes!"

Then Abdel-Sammie took his empty cup and threw it into the air, saying:

"Do you know what's worse than me being blind? It's that you could see everything... and yet you enjoyed watching us bump into each other in the dark, and you called it a 'trial'! Thank you for your sharp eyesight, café owner... but I wish you had taken me instead of letting me go in that cursed waterwheel! And I already wasted my life in the waterwheel!" I went around in circles, because

that's what the café owner wanted, ordered, and decreed: that I remain blind so that he could have a reason to punish and hold me accountable if I ever did something to anger him. I had to sacrifice myself and be the scapegoat to satisfy the celestial vanity of the café owner so that he could achieve his goals, since he wouldn't be great, powerful, and knowledgeable except through this, which was, and I wish it hadn't been.

The coma of whiteness... and the heresy of blackness

In the kingdom of “the pure,” white was not just a color, but a “certificate of forgiveness.” The king, courtiers, and preachers promoted the idea that “pure essence dwells only in the white vessel,” and that everything dark was a remnant of “spiritual burning” or a curse that befell those who strayed from the path.

1. The doctrine of "holy milk"

The preacher, Laban, would deliver his sermon every Friday in the White Square,

wearing a dazzling linen robe. He would say in a trembling voice:

"O believers in the sanctity of milk, remember that the faces that will enter the 'highest café' are the faces that are as white as cream, while the faces that are as black as burnt coffee are the faces of the damned who deserved to be expelled... Blackness is evidence of corruption, and brownness is a sign of decline!"

Read stood in the corner, looking at his dark skin and the cup of black coffee he hid under his coat, and whispered: "What a narcissistic and racist god that creates coffee and then curses its color, and creates humans with their dark skin and then threatens to whiten their faces as a condition of acceptance! Are we in

a leather dyeing shop or in the presence of a creator?"

2. The Heresy Mill

Read decided to expand his "spread of bitter awareness." In his basement, he wasn't just grinding coffee; he was grinding those racist ideas. He would tell his secret visitors:

"Look at this milk they worship, it's tasteless, it needs tons of preaching sugar to be swallowed. But look at this black coffee; it's strong, independent, it doesn't need anyone to beautify it. Blackness is not sadness or a curse, blackness is the pinnacle of maturity."

One of the visitors, a simple man who was moved by Laban's speech, asked fearfully: "But Read, didn't the preacher say that blackened faces are faces of shame?"

Read laughed sarcastically: "My friend, they are afraid of black because it is the color of 'concentration'. They want you to be pale white like milk diluted with water, to be easily molded, featureless, without identity. Black is the identity of warriors, it is the color of the night of thinkers, and the color of the coffee of rebels."

3. The night of the "cappuccino explosion"

During the annual "Day of Purity" celebration, where people are forced to wash their faces with limewater to make them appear whiter, Read decided to carry out his plan. He climbed to the roof of the Grand Mosque where the "milk tanks" that are distributed to the crowds as a blessing are kept.

Read dumped thousands of tons of "concentrated coffee essence" into the tanks.

At the height of the celebration, as the preacher “Laban” was shouting: “Now, wash yourselves in the whiteness of obedience!” the taps were opened.

The white milk did not come out. A dark, black liquid, foul-smelling, gushed forth, staining faces, clothes, and courtyards. Panic gripped the flock. The women cried, "We are cursed! Our faces have turned black before our time!"

As for the preacher Laban, his bright whiteness had turned into funny “cappuccino spots,” and he looked like a distorted surreal painting.

4. The philosophy of "the real face"

Read stood amidst the crowd, his coffee-stained face glistening in the sun, and said in a loud voice:

"Look in your mirrors! Now you are truly human. The darkness you fear has exposed the hypocrisy of your fake whiteness. Have your souls changed because your faces have been stained with coffee? A god who sorts his servants according to 'color' in a chemical laboratory is not a god, but a 'racist of the rank of fantasy'. We are not milk cows; we are masters of coffee!"

5. The ironic ending

The strange thing is that some of the naive people started to lick the "blackness" off their faces, and when they tasted the concentrated coffee, their minds began to awaken from the "milk numbness".

But the preacher Laban quickly shouted: "This is a test! The damned Read wants to give you the 'drink of wakefulness' so that you lose the

pleasure of 'certain sleep'! Return to your whiteness, even if with oil paints!"

Read withdrew with a smile, leaving them in a struggle between the "bitter pleasure of wakefulness" and the "safety of a white coma".

Grams of mercy and kilograms of hypocrisy

Abdel-Thawab entered the Heavenly Café for the first time. He was a meticulous man, calculating everything down to the last pen and paper. His principle was, "He who calculates will find bliss," and everything had its price. The price was fixed, sometimes increasing during holidays and special occasions, due to the importance and significance of the event and the associated

spiritual devotion. Visiting the Heavenly Café on these occasions had its own special spiritual price and a divine reward for each customer from the owner. He was a customer addicted to collecting points. Abdel-Thawab didn't smile at children simply because he loved them; rather, he smiled while murmuring, "O God, place this on the scale of my good deeds." He distributed smiles as if they were heavenly "recharge cards."

Abdel-Thawab placed half a dirham on the scale, which he had given as charity to a poor person, and looked eagerly at the master scaler: "Huh? How much does this equal in 'heavenly coffee'?"

Master Mizzen looked at his notebook and said: "This gives you one sip of coffee, but beware, you cursed your neighbor in your

heart yesterday, and this deducts a spoonful of sugar from your balance!"

2. The trade of "fear," not "love."

The scene in the café looked like the London Stock Exchange. People were running around, not to help each other, but to increase their "pay balance." Read (the rebel, who was an infidel and heretic from the gang, someone who kept the principles of the Heavenly Café as the faithful customers saw him and they looked askance at him whenever he entered the café. On one occasion, Read saw a man giving water to a cat, but his eyes were fixed on the sky and he was asking: "Has it been recorded for me, O Lord of the Scales? Has the scale tipped?")

Read laughed and said to him: "Man, the cat is thirsty, and you're asking about your

commission! You're not giving it water out of mercy, you're giving it water to buy yourself a place in the 'top cafe'. You're a businessman, not a human being!"

Master Mizzen turned to him sharply: "Don't ruin my customers, Read! If it weren't for the scales, these 'cows' wouldn't move from their places. The fear of loss is the only driving force behind their 'goodness machine'!"

3. Heavenly Coffee... in tedious installments

In this cafe, no one drinks coffee now. Everyone pays the price, collects the "bills," and postpones enjoyment until "after the shop closes" (death).

An old woman came along, having sold her earring to donate towards the construction of

a "new branch of the cafe," and said, "I want to guarantee a heavy cup of coffee there."

Read asked her: "Hajjaj, aren't you hungry now? Isn't the taste of coffee in your hand now better than a promise of coffee that may not come?"

She replied mechanically: "Nothing is lost with the mighty merchant...it's all in the balance!"

4. The "Fake Scales" Scandal

In a moment of revelation, Read climbed onto the scale table and discovered the biggest surprise. The scale had a hidden "magnet" at the bottom, controlled by the master scale operator.

Read shouted to the crowd: "You naive merchants! Look! The owner of the cafe is cheating on the scales! He always makes the

'sins' side heavier so that you keep buying 'certificates of forgiveness' and paying more for 'prayer.' He is enslaving you with the language of numbers!"

Master Mizzen became confused and said: "This is not cheating, this is a 'sales tactic' so that the slaves do not stop working! If they knew that their scales were in favor, they would stop paying the 'Paradise subscription'!"

The philosophy of "free action"

Read smashed the scales, scattering the coffee beans into the air. He looked at the people and said:

"Love is not measured in grams, and goodness is not a 'business deal'. He who does good for a reward is a mercenary employee, and he who avoids evil for fear of the 'scales of fire' is a cowardly observer. Get

out of the 'mighty merchant's' stock exchange and drink your coffee with dignity, and do good because it is 'good', not because it is 'profit'!"

Read left, singing Einstein's song: "Woe to the man who needs a scale to make him a man!"

As for Master Mizzen, he began collecting the pieces of the broken scale, whispering: "It doesn't matter... I will convince them that breaking the scale is in itself a sin that requires 'expiation' in the amount of ten bags of the finest roasted coffee beans."

Finished / Manal Khalil

"The Reward... and the Eternal Dessert" Café

At the end of the "Mirage" corridor, there was a large salon called the "Final Salon". People stood in front of two gates: one gate emanated the scent of vanilla and condensed sugar, and another gate emanated the smell of carbon and redness like a metal smelting furnace.

The "Eternal Dessert" section (Paradise)

Mansour entered the first floor, where he was greeted by a waiter wearing white plastic wings. The place was like lakes of honey and milk, and rivers of wine that did not cause headaches (as if the pleasure of wine was not in that delicious intoxication!).

The waiter said to Mansour: "Please, sir, everything here is free. You can eat, have sex, and sleep forever."

Mansour looked at the menu: "I want a cup of plain coffee, as bitter as the truth."

The waiter was confused: "Coffee? There's no bitterness here! Everything here is covered with a 10-centimeter layer of sugar. We're in a holy 'sugar coma' here. Bitterness is for those bastards’ downstairs."

Mansour realized that Paradise is actually a huge "confectionery factory," where believers are turned into mindless "marshmallows," repeating the same actions, the same food, and the same words for billions of years... without getting bored! Mansour thought: "Isn't boredom itself hell? How can one enjoy endless sweetness? It's a prescription for spiritual diabetes!"

"The Great Roastery" (Fire) section

Downstairs, there was "Chef Flame." The sight was horrifying; bodies were roasted and then put back together to be roasted again. Why? Because their owners didn't like "the café owner" enough, or because they wondered about the secret of "the foam."

Mansour saw a man having molten lead poured into his mouth because he was

enjoying listening to music. Mansour shouted from above, "Chef Lahav! Isn't this excessive? The man only listened to a song; he didn't destroy a planet!"

Chef Lahav responded, turning the bodies over as if they were coffee beans in a rotating roaster: "These are the rules of the cafe! The owner is very narcissistic. Either you praise his coffee and describe it as 'the greatest taste in the universe' even if it's just water and sugar, or you end up here as a burnt 'extra dark' coffee bean!"

The philosophy of "torture and pleasure".

Mansour contemplated the two scenes. Above, "foolishness, drunkenness, and stupidity," and below, "hatred, burning, and sadism."

He said to himself with biting sarcasm: "What a brilliant system! The owner of the cafe created humans with endless curiosity, then set up a 'buffet' for them that prevents curiosity and thinking, and set up an 'oven' for them that punishes curiosity and thinking. In paradise you are a soulless 'consumer', and in hell you are merciless 'fuel'."

The sarcastic explosion

Suddenly, Mansour decided to pour his bitter “black coffee” that he had been hiding into the “honey” river of paradise.

The river changed color, and the pillars of the parlor shook. The preachers cried: "Heresy! You have tainted the sweetness with consciousness!"

The believers who had been in a diabetic coma began to awaken. One of them tasted the "bitterness of coffee" and said, "My God! This taste has character... it makes me think!"

The café owner became enraged, his voice booming from behind the veil: "Who has ruined the 'diabetic hypnosis' system? Throw him in the roaster immediately!"

. the end

Mansour fell towards the roaster, laughing heartily: "Throw me in as you please! At least the roaster has heat and movement, while your paradise is just a forgotten 'piece of candy' in the pocket of time. Hell is the place of philosophers and rebels, and paradise is the nursery of 'cows' who never learned how to drink their coffee black!"

As he was falling, he saw Mark Twain sitting there, lighting a cigar from the abyss flame, winking at him and saying, "Welcome, my boy... The coffee here is just right, and the company here is the only one that has stories worth telling!"

Radio of supplication... and the list of burned requests

In the "Ivory Tower of Silence," sat the "Grand Café Owner." He wasn't concerned with repairing broken machines or providing coffee for the hungry and thirsty; his sole preoccupation was a massive receiver called the "Supplication Radio." This device didn't transmit music, but rather "sounds of wailing and sobbing." These were his obsession, his only desire to broadcast and fill his ears with

the wailing of those present, the moans of the supplicants, and the groans of the destitute. To his ears, indeed, this was the sweetest melody. And the most magnificent symphony that the faithful patrons of the café could play for him whenever they wished him to grant a request or wish, or when one of them was afflicted by a calamity or distress, would be seen panting towards the all-powerful, miracle-maker, the café owner, pleading. Then the melodies and vibrations of the spiritual, celestial transmission would begin to flow through waves of coffee foam and celestial roasted beans, cascading in waves perfumed with the aroma of coffee brewed over a cosmic, celestial fire. And despite the vibrations reaching them through the celestial transmission waves from the supplicants and entreaties, who send their hopes and actions

through them to the heart of the all-powerful, celestial café owner, hoping to soften it in the hope that he would be satisfied with the sacred necessity and his exalted self, which he offers and loves more than anything and everything, they never received a response to their requests, answers to their inquiries, or the fulfillment of their wishes or goals. And although they gained nothing from their supplications except stealth, submission, and lamentation that drew in and delighted the all-powerful, the owner, master, and creator of the celestial café, as if They only aimed to please him, make him happy, and sanctify his supreme self, nothing more. However, they never stopped hoping for his response or reply to them one day, and even if he did not respond, all they had to do was run after supplication and entreaty as if it were their

wishes. Their requests are nothing but a mirage or an illusion that whispers to them in their dreams or appears to them through the heavenly ether waves. But there is no harm and no despair with life, and life with despair. This is what the venerable Sheikh Abdul Jalil Al-Mutawas told them, and this is how he convinced them, or rather silenced them, when he found that some of them had begun to despair creep into their hearts full of faith and had begun to pant from running after their dreams and desires. But the venerable Sheikh (Abdul Jalil Al-Mutawas) convinced him in the weekly heavenly sermon, and others in one of the promising heavenly lessons that were held in the council of the venerable heavenly café, and he and other believing café customers understood that their requests are not necessarily to be brought immediately, as they

believe or as their merciful devil whispers to them to prevent them from their supplications and their sublime, great, and lofty humility, because simply, they are faced with three options, each better and sweeter than the last, and the last of them is the most wonderful and greatest of them. The first option is for his request to be granted while he is still alive, either immediately or after some time, but on the condition that he has provided and fulfilled all the worldly conditions in his life that would allow his request to be granted. If it is the healing of a sick person, then the appropriate medicine and a skilled doctor must be provided. If it is achieving success and excellence in work, studies, or an exam, then the conditions of diligence, study, and working to learn everything that helps in achieving success must be provided. All that is required

of the Almighty, the Owner and Creator of the Heavenly Café, is for Him to descend from His lofty position and strike His magic wand, moving it like a maestro conducting his orchestra, and the goals, visions, and desires will be achieved immediately. However, this is conditional on the availability of all the factors that help in achieving them. Do not let your imaginations run away with you, faithful customers, and let them think that achieving this goal or that desire is contingent and conditional on the diligence of the one who supplicates and beseeches and his efforts to take the necessary steps. No, a thousand times no! Were it not for the will of the Almighty, the Owner of the Heavenly Café, and were it not for His use of His magic wand and its mere wand movement, nothing would have been achieved. And what is all the effort

you are exerting? It is a foregone conclusion, but the fulfillment of the matter is entrusted to the Almighty Owner of the Heavenly Café, exalted is He above what they describe. As for the second option, esteemed gentlemen, believers, and valued customers, it is that none of your requests or aspirations will be fulfilled, and your desires will be rejected and not granted, leading you to pride in your wrongdoing. You will then be displeased, saddened, and complain, and this is what has caused you to understand. For the Generous and Merciful Owner of the Heavenly Café, the Almighty, intended, through this act and by rejecting your requests, to avert from you a great evil and a tremendous pleasure that would have befallen you from this foolish request. Firstly, His kindness to you, if only you knew. Let no one among you say or

question. He said: "Then why didn't He prevent the harm and injury that would have befallen me, and at the same time grant my wish and request and answer it, thus saving me from this harm?" Herein lies the danger that opens the door to contemplation, and it is the dangerous secret and the great promise of faith, for it is a wisdom known only to Him, and because there is wisdom in the matter that it should only be fulfilled in this way. So do not ask about things that, if revealed, would cause you distress, and fear Him so that you may be successful. O faithful and steadfast customers, I am the third option, and it is the best of them if you only knew. It is to postpone your supplications and requests indefinitely, until the inevitable time arrives and each of you is held accountable for what he did in his life. At that time, this rejected and unanswered

request from the previous life will leap forth and transform into a dove of peace between you and the All-Powerful Owner of the Café, who will pardon you and forgive your sins, erasing them or most of them in exchange for this supplication that was not answered in the past. And at that time, each of you will wish that no supplication, plea, or request had been answered in his life, so that he could have used it in this difficult situation. Have you seen how His mercy and generosity exceeded all bounds, and how He is near and responds to your request if you ask Him? Thus, the honorable customers of the cafe were convinced and complied, and they were certain that not responding to their requests was the abundant good, indeed it was the news itself, and happiness itself, and relief embodied before them, and mercy that no

mercy surpasses. They continued to plead and plead and invent ways and ideas for how to humble themselves and supplicate, wishing that their requests would be postponed indefinitely. Thus, the venerable Sheikh Abdul Jalil Al-Mutawas succeeded in clarifying and analyzing the lofty goals behind not responding to requests and clarifying the necessary conditions by which desires are not fulfilled except through them and by them.

The "combination" of trials

The owner of the cafe was holding the "remote control" of disasters. He pressed the "floods" button in a poor village, then straightened up in his seat, sipped his "black" coffee slowly, and waited.

Seconds later, the device began to blare voices: "O owner of the cafe... have mercy on us! O Almighty. Save our children!"

The café owner smiles as he says to his assistant (who wears wings and carries an accounting notebook): "Do you hear that tune? It's the tune of 'total submission'. Nothing sets my mood like the sound of a drowning man begging me, and I am the one who sent the wave to him!"

Representative of "Tickets of Hope"

Below, people were gathered around the "heavenly mailbox." There was "Sheikh Finjan," whose job was to persuade people to continue praying.

A broken man who did not regularly attend Sheikh Abdul Jalil Al-Metabasis’s lessons said to him, and he did not understand the wisdom

behind what was happening to him, so he began to wonder in amazement! He said: "O Sheikh, I have been praying for ten years for my son to be healed, and nothing has happened! Rather, his illness has increased!"

Sheikh Finjan, who was Sheikh Abdul Jalil Al-Metabasis's assistant and right-hand man, and who prepared his heavenly coffee from the finest roasted beans while stirring the coffee grounds, replied: "Poor you! The owner of the coffee shop loves to hear your voice! He is tormenting you because he 'longs' for your wailing. If he had responded to you the first time, you would have stopped contacting him, and he is a narcissist..." Then he cleared his throat and corrected himself, saying: "I mean, he is 'friendly' and loves your persistence!" and your affection for him so that he may enjoy your company.

The man thought: "So my son is suffering just because the owner of the cafe is bored and wants to hear me cry? Is this sadism or does it have another meaning that I don't understand?"

"Missing Orders" list

As usual, the rebellious, infidel, heretical "Read" entered, carrying his mocking cup, and stood amidst the supplicants and said:

"O you who are drowning in your illusions! Have you ever seen a waiter in a cafe who takes the price of the coffee and then leaves you thirsty and tells you, 'I will give you the cup in the next life'? If a cafe owner in our neighborhood did that, you would beat him with shoes! So why do you accept it from the owner of this tower?"

One of them shouted: "But our supplication to Him is the essence of worship!"

Read replied: "It is 'the drug' of worship! Look... that man prayed for sustenance, so he worked day and night, and money came to him, and you attributed the credit to the prayer and forgot the sweat of his brow. And that woman prayed for healing, so she went to the doctor and took medicine, and you said 'the blessing of the prayer' and forgot the doctor's intelligence. Prayer is the 'percentage' that the owner of the cafe steals from your personal effort to fill his narcissistic account!"

Heavenly "customer service"

Suddenly, a voice came down from the sky (or so it seemed to them): "My dear, virtuous, and distinguished believer in the Heavenly Cafe... I have answered your request, but I will

postpone the request to be a 'surprise' after your death."

Read laughed so hard he fell back: "What ingenious customer service! Receiving the package after the body has been damaged! Is there a more sophisticated scam than this? Selling people goods that can only be received after they have passed away, where there is no 'consumer protection' and no right to return!"

Bitter certainty coffee

The café owner went up to his terrace, looked at millions of people raising their hands like withered trees, begging him to lift from them a plague he had created, and a poverty he had decreed. He shook his head with delight and said: "How beautiful this humiliation is! It gives my coffee an irresistible flavor."

As for Read, he poured what was left in his cup onto the ground and said: "I will rely on my hands, on my mind, and on the bitterness of my reality. I will only raise my hand to the sky to block the sun from my eyes so that I can see my way clearly. The owner of the cafe is preoccupied with his 'ego,' and I am preoccupied with my 'now.'"

Finished. / Manal Khalil

The Celestial Coffee Conclusion

When the reader turns the pages of Celestial Coffee, they feel as though they haven't read separate stories, but rather sat in a timeless café, sipping from a cup that stretches from beginning to end. Each story was a sip, and each sip unveiled a new illusion, and each illusion was the froth covering the bitterness of the black coffee.

We sat with the women who said "no," and saw how they pierced the froth to reveal the truth.

We accompanied scientists and philosophers as they debated the very meaning of coffee: Is it a brain of pleasure or a drink of knowledge?

We watched the guests jostle in the Celestial Café, believing they were guests when in reality they were in a merciless grinder.

And in the end, we realized that all these stories are but a reflection of one thing: that humanity

prefers froth to coffee, illusion to reality, pleasure to reason.

Celestial Coffee is not a drink, but a mirror. It is a cup that the reader places before them, in which they see themselves, their society, and their illusions. The foam covering the surface is nothing but a fragile veneer, melting with the first sip to reveal what lies within: black, bitter, hot, but real.

And so, when the reader closes the book, he has finished his last cup. He lets the foam dissipate, the bitterness lingers on his lips, and leaves the café wondering: Was he truly a guest, or merely a customer in a café selling illusions?

The celestial coffee ends here, but it doesn't end in the reader's mind. It's not a book to be read and then forgotten, but a cup to be sipped, its trace lingering in the brain, like a long, lingering, ironic echo, an invitation to reflect.